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Together®

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

JUNE 1972

Special Issue:

WHEN OLD AGE COMES, WHAT?

She Needs Your Love...

Little Rosetta doesn't know that her future hangs in the balance . . . her father has just been killed in an accident, her mother cannot earn enough to feed a large family.

Before long her big smile will be lost as she searches for food, shivers without warm clothing, unable to even write her own name, trapped for life in a crowded slum in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

We must enroll her in our Family Helper Project immediately, so she can stay with her mother, yet receive the assistance and education that will make her childhood happy—and her future hopeful.

How can you sponsor a child like Rosetta in countries around the world? Here are some answers to your questions:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

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State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

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If you happen to know that the scientific name of the plant at right is an Eremurus Robustus, then certainly you will know the common names of the other two flowers on this month's cover. One (top) is a Turk's-cap lily, the other a jack-in-the-pulpit, according to the photographer, R. P. Valentine of Muncie, Ind. The common name of Eremurus Robustus is "desert candle," says its photographer, Walter C. Wisniewski of Cedarburg, Wis. "I enjoy capturing on film the beauty of the flowers and plants," writes Mr. Wisniewski. "The sunlight made the desert candle glow against the shadowed background, making it a 'must' to photograph."

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Father & Son

A Work in Bronze By Sculptor Charles C. Parks

IT HAS BECOME trite to say that a thing "means many things to many people." But often a phrase is overused because it is usually true. Certainly the fine sculpture by Charles C. Parks meant "many things to many" when it was viewed by a group of inner-city elementary school pupils at Mr. Parks' hometown, Hockessin, Del., where he produces many outstanding works.

Obviously the figures, which call attention to the approach of Father's Day, are those of a black man and a small boy. But what idea is conveyed?

"The child is asleep in his father's arms," said one child. "Maybe his mother died and his father had to love him and care for him. The black man is thinking how can he take care of the child and find a new mother for it."

Among other comments by the children:

"The artist is trying to tell us that this man's son is hurt and the man was praying for him."

"The statue makes me think about the poor people who don't have a good house to live in and don't have food enough to eat."

"The man and his son represent loneliness."

". . . looks like they have gone a long ways."

"The artist is trying to tell us that we all should try to respect one another and should not tease people if they don't have as much."

"I think it means that black is beautiful."

And perhaps the most poignant comment of all came from a child who said:

"It remembers me of my father."

The sculptor himself calls his work *Father and Son.* One pastor in Hockessin suggested the title *Touchstone.* He said: "The idea of responsible fatherhood seems to be the touchstone that could help solve all the other urban problems."

"My original conception," says Mr. Parks, "was to convey the sacrificial idea embodied in the story of Abraham and Isaac, and to me this still seems the most valid interpretation of the work."

But what better interpretation of this sculpture than Edith A. Driscoll's poem *Prayer of a Young Father?* So far as we know, Mrs. Driscoll had never seen Mr. Parks' work. Her poem reached *Together* several months after the picture was taken—at the very time, coincidentally, we were searching for suitable Father's Day material to use in connection with the sculpture! —*Herman B. Teeter*

Prayer of a Young Fath

By Edith A. Driscoll

Dear God, I do not covet for this son of m
The easy road to ultimate success;
Nor do I crave for him some magic force
To open wide the door to happiness.

Far better that he sometimes meet defeat—
The discipline of sorrow he must know,
Making him more fit to stand alone,
Whichever way the winds of chance ma

But when he finds the hills too steep to cl
The road too rocky, and his fates dema
Too much for human frailty to bear—
Then, God, let me be near to lend a ha

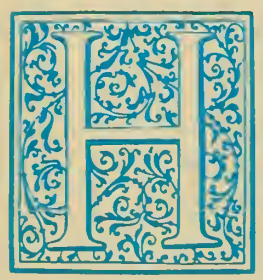
Lord, I'm Growing Old!

By HAROLD E. KOHN

TERNAL GOD, heavenly Father, I thank thee that I am growing old. Many have been denied that privilege, and awareness of this mercy will be a fresh wonder to me every day thou givest me breath.

I thank thee for the peculiar glories of advancing age; for its unique victories over self and time; for those joys I now can grasp because age has pried my fingers loose from trivial things; for simpler life; for memories flitting over the past like swallows skimming over sunlit meadows; for unhurried moments to nourish faith on thoughts of thy past mercies; for those sacred instants when all things that once seemed disjointed fall into place at last in thy great design and the sad things of earth are swallowed up in holy joy.

Thanks be to thee for the faith of others, which strengthens my own. Thanks to thee for those who have gone on before us, marching with dignity through advanced age. Their example refreshes us like water drawn from wayside wells.



EAVENLY FATHER, hear my prayer for all who are growing old. Grant us all awareness of the special beauties of life's autumn, a time of fulfillment and harvest. May age be seen as part of thy grand design for the world and for us so that the years may rest on us less like a burden and more like a benediction. Let reluctance to leave this world not be a dread of death but a tribute to life.

Spare us from self-pity that shrivels the soul. If disability or pain should be our lot, thou canst make it part of thy pattern in which we shall find thy beauty, truth, and goodness. Though wrinkles multiply in our faces, may there be no withering of our spirits. May every day witness some rebirth of beauty, some eager exploration of a new, unspoiled hour with glad expectations of finding treasure there. And grant us grace to stand the pain of encountering a new idea without flinching.

If appetite for food should fade, still may our hungry eyes savor tenderness in a dear one's face, consume the dawn, feast on starlight, and nourish the soul with the wonders of thy world.

If weariness should exhaust the body, may patience endure, and love and hope and trust. If limited savings and small pensions make us sparing in expenditures, let us be spendthrifts with love and squanderers of kindness where it cannot be repaid.

Spare us from the special selfishness that afflicts the very young and the very old. May we each regard ourselves as but a small part of thy whole world, and not its center.

AY OUR minds never stop stretching nor our souls cease growing. Grant us daily some moments of living on tiptoe while we look over the horizon toward some worthwhile work yet to be done, some chance to help and cheer others, some redemptive task to perform. And keep us enchanted by the lure of the Eternal City lying just beyond the hills of time.

In the name of Christ, who has blended earth with heaven and made of death but a passageway linking two rooms in our Father's house, Amen. □

Linwood Park, Ohio . . .

Who Says Camps Are Just for the Young?

Text by Martha A. Lane
Pictures by George P. Miller

"HAD A LOT of trouble trying to convince myself to get started here," the retired gentleman was explaining. "But after I got here I had the time of my life—and my wife did also."

Emil Paderewski, 71-year-old grandnephew of the famous pianist, was reflecting on his 1971 experiences at a church-sponsored camp for older adults at Linwood Park, Ohio. "The main thing I like is eating with the group in the cafeteria, and then my participation in fixing the juices, prunes, and so on for breakfast—that's my job."

Other campers commented on the services, a talent show, the fellowship, the campfire circle, a birthday party. "There's so much going on that's interesting, it would be hard to say what's the highlight," said Edward Veigel. Others agreed that he had summarized it well.

The Linwood Park older-adult camping program was begun a dozen years ago by the former Evangelical United Brethren Church, a project of its Ohio East Conference. The late Rev. LeRoy Deininger and his wife, Ermal, who had been involved in church camping programs all their married life, organized and directed the older-adult effort. They patterned the original camp "exactly after the youth camp as it was run at that time," Mrs. Deininger recalls. Some new things are tried from year to year—last year they held a camp-queen contest,

For a dozen years older adults have enjoyed a week-long camp at Linwood Park, Ohio. Here campers take a stretch-and-chat break after morning Bible study. The park's tabernacle is in the background.

A camp is not a camp without lots of music. Besides spirited community singing, Linwood Park campers also had a choir directed by Miss Ruth Dietzel, Tiffin, Ohio. Out-of-doors activities included picture snapping, Jarts, and shuffleboard. That fellow getting a bike ride, Victor Stamets, was the camp's chaplain. His wife is in the driver's seat.

for example—but basically the program remains much the same as organized by the Deiningers.

Breakfast at eight gets things rolling. Morning devotions are held beside Lake Erie or in the chapel as the weather dictates. There are Bible studies, also discussion hours in which specific problems and needs of older adults are included. Last year's discussion topics ranged from the Consultation on Church Union to United Methodist homes for senior citizens. The noontime, family style dinner is followed by "horizontal hour" (nap time), and afternoons are for crafts, service projects, recreation, or whatever else strikes the camper's fancy. Last year the group made Christmas ornaments and cancer pads. They also enjoyed the park's boating and swimming facilities, shuffleboard courts, and Jarts. Supper is followed by a vesper service. A fellowship hour—table games, slides, talent show, wedding anniversary observances, community sing—completes the daily schedule.

Although they have gained rapidly in popularity the last few years, older-adult camps are not new. Virginia Stafford, a staff member of United Methodism's Board of Education, estimates that three fourths of the conferences have had older-adult camps at one time or another, some for as long as 25 or 30 years. Other Christian and Jewish groups also have had them for years.

Nor are church groups the only sponsors. The Detroit (Mich.) Department of Parks and Recreation has included senior-citizen camps in its schedule since about 1960. Other sponsors are the Vermont Recreation Department, YM-YWCAs of Greater New York, the City of Baltimore, Md., and the Golden Age Center of Cleveland, Ohio, to name a very few examples.

Many early older-adult camps either strictly followed a youth-camp program—including such inconveniences as narrow, uncomfortable bunk beds and cold water—or were so completely planned for the oldsters that they were just another packaged vacation. A good camp today takes into consideration the older adults' physical and dietary limitations, has facilities which are safe (handholds in the showers, few steps, and so on) and protect campers from the elements; but, more important, has been the change in attitude toward older adults. Too often in the past, programs for older adults were *for* rather than *with* them. They were just something to keep them occupied, not opportunities for growth or renewal. Dr. Abraham Heschel described this situation at the 1961 White House Conference on Aging:

"While we do not officially define old age as a second childhood, some of the programs we devise are highly effective in helping the aged become children. The preoccupation with games and hobbies, the overemphasis on recreation, while certainly conducive to eliminating boredom temporarily, hardly contribute to inner strength. The effect is rather a pickled existence, . . ."

Today older adults are being seen more realistically—

A bench beneath some old shade trees—
what better place to hide from the hot afternoon sun,
to visit with a friend, to remember one's own
yesterdays of sunning by the sea?

Something new last year was a camp-queen contest. Each cabin had a candidate. The "beauty" leading nominees in the dining room (above) was really a guy—and he didn't win. A mock wedding was held to mark the 50th-wedding anniversary of Earl and Erma Heininger, camp directors (below).

The Ohio oldsters (their average age was 72) roasted marshmallows and sang around campfires just like younger campers—except for those chairs. The older-adult camp schedule was patterned after a youth camp.

as people who have a continuing capacity to learn, a continuing ability to contribute to society, a continuing zest for life. Older-adult camps reflect these characteristics. At Linwood Park, for example, older adults staff their own camp, do their own planning.

"We elect a group chairman for every cottage at the beginning of our camp," explains Earl E. Heininger, who has directed the camp since the founder's death several years ago. "This group [cabin chairmen] chooses cottage names and sets up the schedule for the balance of the week." Towards the end of the week this leadership group reconvenes to elect staff members and make plans for the following year.

Linwood Park also takes into consideration an older person's economic problems. The week's cost is $35 for meals, lodging, and activities, plus a small "gate fee" to enter the park itself.

A doctor is only about 15 minutes from the camp, but he has been needed only rarely, Mr. Heininger says. This follows the experience of many older-adult camps. "If they're vigorous enough to get to the campsite, they're vigorous enough to do whatever's going on there," says Mrs. Stafford, the Board of Education older-adult expert.

This year's older campers will assemble June 10-17 at Linwood Park. Most of them will be returnees eager to renew old friendships. Some will be newcomers with the first-time jitters—for a few minutes.

Many of them probably will feel toward camping the way Martha McClain Glascock does: "I believe the older camper has the edge on youth when it comes to enjoying camping." Dr. Glascock, an expert in recreation education at the University of Iowa, continues: "Youth are in such a hurry . . . While we, who have been around a while—we have either learned or . . . been forced by nature, to slow down. This deceleration process may have opened up for us some of the most delectable experiences, allowing us to savor those very things we may have been passing by in earlier years unheeded."

Dr. Glascock quotes a prayer which she feels sums up the wishes of older-adult campers everywhere: "Let us all live to be 120 years and two weeks old and let the last two weeks be spent camping." □

Richard Lugar, *age 40, runs a tight ship—efficient, courteous, quick. When he dials the interoffice phone, he never has to wait for an answer. From his northwest corner office on the 25th (top) floor of the steel-and-glass Indianapolis City-County Building he scans much of the territory which he serves as chief executive. An assortment of memorabilia rests about his office, indicating that honors have come more quickly than he can catalog them. He speaks rapidly and occasionally maneuvers a coffee mug within a close pattern atop his desk.*

Governing the Cities:

Politica YES Persona NO

AS THE streaking jet goes, it is only about two dozen minutes between Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

On the ground the two cities look quite dissimilar. Cincinnati huddles close along the Ohio River; Indianapolis sprawls out across the prairie.

The contrasts between the two take on more personal dimensions when one talks with two men prominent in the cities' governments. One is a Democrat, a

• • •

What are some pressing problems of city government?

People are moving to urban areas in great numbers. That movement has proceeded for several decades, but it has accelerated in recent years. If these people are to have sufficient livelihood, there must be substantial increases in jobs, housing, medical services, and the whole infrastructure of environmental and health facilities. These not only cost money but they call for readjustments of how services are to be delivered.

I see this problem continuing, sometimes with a vengeance, as people perceive that life elsewhere is not so favorable and move to urban areas. Now from that come any number of categorical problems. The communications facilities make known how great the gaps are between the haves and the have-nots. This is sometimes frightening to persons who seek refuge from tensions and conflicts. But it is of course exhilarating to us who find great possibility for change during our lifetime. It is a time of enormous intellectual ferment and, one would hope, of spiritual growth because the possibilities for this are considerable.

In what ways are you aware of the influence of organized religion on city government?

In many ways. First there is the Church Federation of Greater Indianapolis and its state counterpart. They are

(Continued on page 12)

ompromise,

ellouts,

veteran of federal appointive service, along in years and scheduled in December to become the first of his race to be mayor of Cincinnati. The other is a Republican, young, with connections at the White House.

The two men have met each other once, and they have high regard for each other. Both are United Methodist laymen. Associate Editor John A. Lovelace recently talked with each of them.

• • •

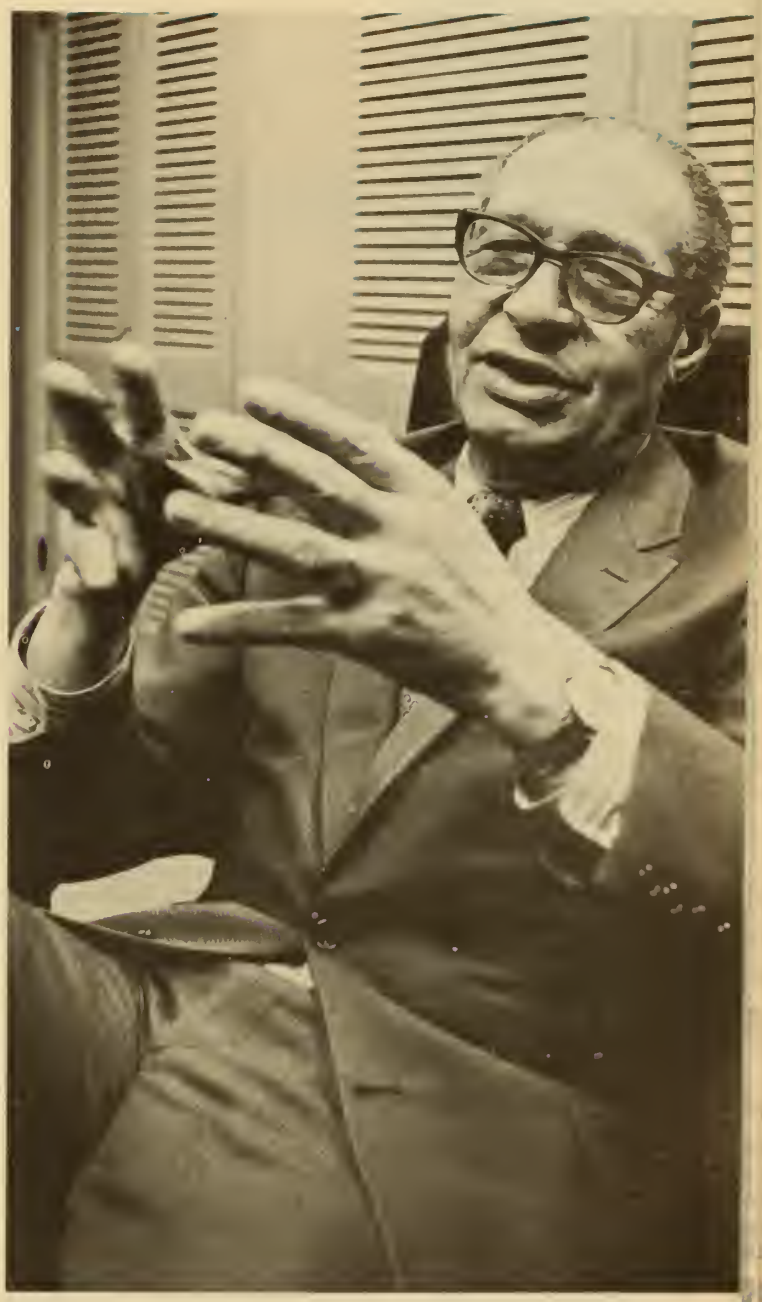
What is the unique arrangement by which you and another man will divide a term as mayor of Cincinnati?

I om on elected member of the City Council. I hod had four terms in council before going to Washington in 1965 to accept President Johnson's appointment os ossistont director of the Office of Economic Opportunity. When I resigned from the council, o young mon, Myron Bush, was appointed to fill my unexpired term, and he was still serving in July, 1971, when he died unexpectedly following on operotion.

I had returned to Cincinnoti in July, 1970, to resume my practice. Upon Myron's death many friends, particulorly leoders of the Chorter Committee, prevoiled upon me, olthough I declined three times, to occept oppointment to fill his term which expired in December, 1971. I finally ogreed. Then in November, 1971, I stood for election and wos elected. The election involved o coolition of the regulor Democrotic Porty and the Chorter Committee, which is the oldest reform movement in municipal government in the country, doting to 1924. The coolition won six seats—three Democrots ond three from the Chorter Committee. Now coolition implies equol portnership. To keep the coolition intoct we ogreed to divide the moyorolty in holf.

Under our chorter, members of council elect one of their number os moyor. Mr. Thomos Luken will serve the

(Continued on page 13)



Theodore Berry *knows how to set o visitor ot eose. His law firm's corpeted conference room connotes big, old, poneled-woll prosperity, but he leons back casuolly in on armchoir, alternately tomps ond lights his omnipresent briar pipe, ond speoks as one who hos been up ond down the road of municipal government. It is late afternoon, and he hos a right to be tired. His olive suit is safely conservotive, but his potterned tie ond brown striped shirt hint ot a vitol life-style. Thus his hopeful words come as from one emotionolly close to the city for a long time.*

LUGAR, *Continued*

substantial forces for good and creative mechanisms, particularly in the communications media. Even more importantly, they have encouraged a large number of ministers to have hope that as individuals and with their churches they might play a role in the greater affairs of the city. And they do. The numbers of ministers and active lay leaders that I have appointed to various commissions both advisory and in policy are great indeed.

Now, having said this, I think there are some problems likewise. For instance in hearings recently the city of Indianapolis sought permission from the state legislature to levy service charges upon religious, charitable, not-for-profit institutions, even institutions owned or operated by state government. I found it disappointing that the church federations, both city and state, found an extraordinary number of reasons why the church really ought not to participate in financial affairs of the city. I was gratified that almost without exception those church leaders who testified extolled the virtues of my administration. But I had a feeling that they appreciated this virtue without particularly wanting to expend any more money for it, believing that the good works of churches in themselves save the city and the state great sums of money.

But firemen and policemen and street maintenance workers must be paid; and church people do anticipate that fires within churches will be put out and that persons who disrupt church activities might be incarcerated or removed, and that the sewers will in fact work. Interestingly, many ministers who are active in the church federation share my viewpoint and have so expressed themselves.

What is the principal potential contribution of churches and church people to city government?

The most substantial way is in a sense of genuine community to the extent that church people really are thoughtful about their personal relationships as husband and wife and the responsibilities in raising children. These are significant achievements at a time when a great deal of family disintegration is obvious. Beyond that, church people have been especially helpful in organizing neighborhood associations, 64 of them. I am always calling for a constituency of the concerned, of persons who take their Christian faith very seriously, particularly those portions of the Scripture that suggest that persons truly find themselves by seeking out sacrificial and dangerous situations.

Do you feel that way about your own life?

[*Quickly.*] Yes. I think this is the most important thing I've done, and I feel this even more deeply after four years than I did at the outset. I would have been, I'm certain, satisfied in many other careers, but given the structure of our government here in which the mayor is the chief executive—ultimately it all depends on him—there is an opportunity to do very swiftly a great number of things which I have felt for many years ought to have been done and to lead and exhort and cajole and sometimes achieve them.

What are some of the things you have been able to get done?

The most significant, by far, is reconciling an inner-city core of persons who become more desperate and more poor with the burgeoning of suburban regions. We have consolidated the former city of Indianapolis with all Marion County, which surrounds it. A city of 84 square miles has become a city of 402 square miles, and it includes the predominant share of leadership, wealth, and institutions in our entire community. We have redefined what others have called, I think very aptly, the real city. It is a very difficult thing to do. If it were easy, most cities of our size in America would have done it. [*A siren sounds in the distance far below.*] The heartbreak, the potential eviscerating civil war of inner city *vs.* outer city that continues in most large American cities is a sickness unto death.

This is the largest city in which any meaningful consolidation has occurred, and it occurred because great numbers of persons were willing to work sacrificially to gain the legislative bills that were required in 1969 to make this possible. Then, finally, to make it work. And that remains an everyday quest because we do have a very streamlined government in which the mayor is the president of the corporation. He has six vice-presidents—directors, they are called—and one board of directors, the city-county council, which is a legislature for the county of 792,000 people.

This is a government of action in which as many as 200,000 calls are received in our office from individual people who have needs to be filled. We ask that every complaint be directed to this office by call, mail, or delegation, and a response is made so that there is credibility to the small voice in the wilderness wondering if government does care. We are saying that we do care. And we try to be with the people a good deal of the time, in their meetings and their basketball games and their organizational events. This helps us try to find the really valid bridges of support from our office to their needs.

You must have faced some serious tests of your Christian principles. Or have I made a false assumption?

You are quite right. We are tested every day simply because the degree of difficulty and suffering is intense for persons who need help. Furthermore, honest men can and do differ substantially on how this help is to come. Some say, for instance, that putting together the Indianapolis civil city and county around it is politically suicidal. But if you face this as extensively as I have, you face the fact that you are expendable politically and that the issue of unity and of reconciliation is more important than winning the next election.

Can a person be elected to a major city or state or national position such as yours without either com-

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first half of the two-year term—we made the order by a flip of a coin. Rules of council say that if the mayor resigns or is not able to perform the services, council shall elect a successor. So at the end of the first year, December 1, 1972, by the rule of good faith, Mr. Luken will step down, and I will be elected mayor.

Is mayor-elect an officially recognized title?

No, I have that title by popular acknowledgment. This is our first time with a divided term, and I don't know of any other city where it has occurred. It is a by-product of political reality and accommodation. It's an honor. The mayor is president of council and mayor of the city. We have a city-manager form of government. The manager is the chief executive. The mayor, being the titular head of the city, is also the ceremonial head. He has certain appointive powers, certain responsible influence in policy decisions and the thrust of city government. And the problems of urban communities are such that the mayor is expected to capture the support and interest of the citizenry and the institutions to redress the major problems.

What are some of these problems that Cincinnati has?

Cincinnati is much better off than a lot of other cities. But our most troublesome problem is mass transit. Cincinnati Transit, Inc., has a franchise, but with the continuing decrease in passenger revenues and the continuing increase of the automobile accelerated by our expressways and the movement to the suburbs, the transit system cannot operate without a steady increase in passenger fares and with shrinking revenue passengers. The city, having the highest proportion of low-income and working people who need a transit system to get to the outlying areas, has a problem of not *whether* but *when* the citizenry is ready to bite the bullet of municipal ownership and some form of subsidy.

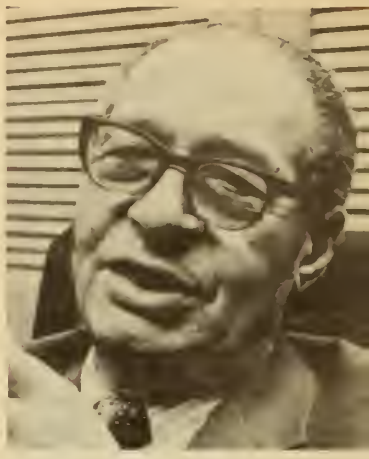
Are you moving toward a metropolitan government?

No. [*The voice rises but there seems to be a note of regret.*] This county and all the subdivisions are emotionally hung up on the phrase "metropolitan government." There is sort of an inbred fear, suspicion, if not hostility, toward central city. It is wholly unrealistic. But since it is a political issue and political issues turn on people's votes, all the politicians in the outlying areas are unwilling to take up the crusade of saying that good metropolitan or interfaced government would be good for the community. So everybody says, "Nope, no metropolitan government."

But I think economic necessities may move us. We are in the process of developing a council of governments to qualify for law-enforcement funds. Our new Southwest Ohio Regional Transit Authority is a move hopefully to evoke some kind of intragovernment response and support. We have a multicounty health-planning body. Our community action agency is a nonprofit corporation which I was responsible for setting up to qualify as the agency through which antipoverty funds would come to the community. The whole trend toward larger area planning may move us. It may have another name than metropolitan government. Rhetoric tends to turns us off.

What other problems face the Cincinnati area?

Housing. An ability to produce and distribute housing for the income groups that need it most. There is no housing problem for the upper-middle-income group



BERRY, *Continued*

because the developers have gotten the available land, and that's why we have suburbanitis. The problem is to produce housing in the income range of great numbers of people and yet not do it in an impacted manner. HUD has come to realize that all the programs are concentrating low-income residents in the central city and the cost of the housing is continuing to rise. HUD has established eight criteria in which they say they will go slow on approving housing in concentrated areas *until* there is assurance that minorities and low-income groups will have an opportunity for housing in *other* areas. The more I read of it the more intrigued I am because I think it is going to pose problems for a lot of urban central cities, including Cincinnati.

We have a great deal of publicity, here and elsewhere, about the drug problem. I am chairman of council's Law and Public Safety Committee. We are holding a series of inquiry sessions to get a clearer fix on the prevalence of drug addiction and drug abuse. There are distinctions in those two categories, and the layman is commingling them. Then there is the popularity of the drug problem—and I use that term facetiously because it has been popularized, the media have played it up, and with it has come a considerable amount of commercialization and what I call professionalizing about the drug problem. We have numerous agencies that have managed to tap into various funds, federal, private foundations, and so forth, to deal with the drug problem. And we are suffering for lack of coordination. So our inquiry is not only to get some idea of the extent of the problem in this community but also to see what we are doing and how we might do it better if all the professionals in drugs were not competing for dollars.

I wouldn't say it's a problem, but we campaigned on the issue of bringing government closer to the people and showing a concern about revitalizing outlying areas within the city and to bring some balance in community improvement. We have made, I think, an exciting rebuilding of our downtown area—Riverfront Stadium, the new DuBois Tower [office building], our convention center, the Skywalk [a mezzanine-level outdoor covered walk connecting much of downtown] . . . But you can drive around the outlying areas and see all the appearances of their being run down at the heels. We have beefed up our city planning department, providing it with funds so teams can be assigned to communities that are both viable and willing to request planning assistance. This can lead to a plan that the community helps formulate.

(Continued on page 15)

LUGAR, *Continued*

promising some of his or her principles or without being tempted, almost seduced, to compromise on those principles?

[*Instantly.*] Yes, unequivocally. In my own case I suppose it was obvious from the start that I was not going to compromise basic principles, that I was not for sale and really had no particular aspirations for extraordinary money or power. So I really have not been all that tempted.

I've found the most difficult problems in an ethical and moral sense are the problems of being sensitive to the nuances in public policy and all the options which are open and knowing that there are tremendous monetary and personal costs in any choice. Conceivably the choice would be easier if powerful influences came in and said, "You've got to do this." At that point you shift the moral responsibility. The problem is that there isn't anybody pushing me this hard. From conversations with the President I have learned that this is largely true for him, except that his predicament is at a level many, many times magnified. The choice is finally his. There is not only a possibility of persons being elected without strings attached, but this is even more likely to occur in the future. Many voters will try to select a person who indicates that he or she has the quality and the integrity to do a job and, given the complexity of the issues, will be sympathetic to the fact that these are the most desirable attributes that can be brought to the job.

What further political aspirations have you?

Oh, I'm very interested in national politics. I'm not certain what course that opens, in part because of my close friendship with the President. I've had the privilege to work closely on a number of projects with him and his office. This has led to a great deal more national involvement than I might have had otherwise. But I think perhaps I have the best of all worlds here. This is the city in which I live, in which we have a manufacturing concern and a large family farm. My four boys are in school here. As mayor of a very large city and in contact with the White House, I am able to go back and forth to influence national policy in a way but at the same time to implement specifically a program for this city and for this area as chief executive. This is a role that I think is appropriate, that I enjoy.

I hope to continue to serve here. I was hopeful of being reelected last year and am very grateful that that worked out with support from each of the major elements that make up the community. This gives a mandate for a number of constructive changes that I hope we are going to bring about.

Back to the question of principles. What are your principles?

They are not simple. [*Two or three sirens sound in the background, and the mayor is momentarily distracted.*] I believe that life is a transition, that this is a particular period in time in which a person comes into unity with people whom he has seen and hopes that he might come into a greater community with God whom he has not seen. And I think that the political confrontations and all the suffering and turmoil that are involved are likely to make this a much more poignant and acute and sensitive experience in which it is likely that you will see a great deal more of life and be tested in a great many ways. Hopefully, you may be better for it.

But I constantly remind myself and others that we are mortal, that the quality of each activity and each choice is extremely important and that we are responsible ultimately and immediately for what we do. This guides everything that I do because I appreciate the vulnerability of this office, that there are times of considerable physical danger. [*Sirens continue, louder.*] I feel a need to work flat out all the time because there simply are not enough hours to do all the things that I believe ought to be done. This can lead to some very difficult choices in allocations of time between this job and my family and my community.

Your church is a part of your community, isn't it?

My specific activities at St. Luke's United Methodist include a sort of *sine qua non* attendance at Sunday services with my family. We attend every Sunday, or I am preaching in another pulpit and I take my family, or we split off. In the meantime I am frequently in contact with Dr. Carver McGriff, my pastor. The bishop frequently calls on me for specific activities or service—as a trustee of Indiana Central College, for example. I visit churches by the legions. The numbers of church suppers and men's club and women's club programs and this sort of thing are prodigious. And I suppose that I give a dozen to 15 lay sermons a year.

You recall having met Mr. Berry from Cincinnati?

Yes, when he came to Indianapolis to present the All-America City award as a part of the National Municipal League jury. He made some very thoughtful remarks about our city and about this principle of unity involved here, and, to a certain extent, his aspirations for Cincinnati in that area.

You might like to know that Mr. Berry recalls that meeting in much the same terms and with real appreciation for you.

I appreciate that.

The interview ends, some 20 minutes short of the 90 Mayor Lugar had set aside and seemed willing to fulfill if needed. He poses patiently and familiarly for pictures, gives the visitor copies of a few speeches, and sees him out door number 2501—Office of the Mayor. The tight ship is humming. □

In most communities there is church identification in the community council, principally through the stimulus of what is referred to as the Basin Ministry and MARCC—Metropolitan Area Religious Coalition of Cincinnati. This is an interfaith urban ministry, and it is in an most civic things. They are articulate and have expressed themselves. It is a religious-based civic *dynamo*. They are on the go.

Is it possible to govern a city effectively without church support?

I don't think so. The church support needs to be beefed up for it is an absolute essential for vigorous, imaginative, institution-changing effort.

Are there examples of church groups operating as pressure points or pressure groups on the city government?

MARCC is performing that role in some respects. It is not a gadfly. It is doing it very soberly. MARCC got into the cable-television question and what its social impact would mean principally through my sending them a copy of Fore's article in the *Christian Advocate* some months ago [*Cable Communication Challenges Local Church* by William F. Fore, *Christian Advocate*, June 24, 1971, page 7]. They picked up the ball and put a man on their staff who has been doing a lot of research. He appeared before the Law and Public Safety Committee recently when we began holding hearings about what has been going on. The former mayor had appointed a sort of kitchen cabinet made up of all the vested interests in radio and television. They were not *bound* to bring out any report. [*He grunts in satisfaction over his analysis*]. So to flush it out I moved that the Law and Public Safety and Intergovernmental Affairs Committees conduct some inquiries into the status of cable TV. MARCC sent their representative and he did an *excellent* job. MARCC has also been involved in the social-planning council which is a Community Chest agency. They are also identified with the coalition for criminal justice, which is the citizens' movement to keep a watchful eye on how we are going to use funds and not just buy hardware for police.

Have you found that a man or woman can be elected to a major office such as yours or a state or national office without either compromising some moral or Christian principles or at least being pressured to compromise them?

[*Softly but firmly.*] Yes, I think so. [*Louder.*] Yes! You have to make a distinction in the word compromise. Politics is the art of compromise. But when you use the term to say that a person's principles are *subverted*, then that's another definition. There are many public servants who have been and I expect will continue to be elected without having their principles subverted by unethical or immoral motives or reasons. Every candidate for public office must realize that he can accomplish his objectives in social legislation or reform only by diligent pursuit of the principles that he advocates and yet recognize that he must make some compromises in achieving that goal. It is very difficult to obtain a major social change in one fell swoop. Human nature just isn't that way. It resists change.

It seems to me that Cincinnati is developing a reputation as a major league city, and I don't mean just in athletics. Any comments?

Well, Cincinnati has had a reputation for a long time

BERRY, *Continued*

of being one of the best-governed cities in the country. In 1955 when Charlie Taft was mayor and I was vice-mayor, we received the *Fortune* magazine citation of being one of the best-governed cities in the country. We have had a city-manager form of government since 1925. We've had a fairly good batting average of top-flight city managers until the last one, who was not a pro. He was a pure political appointee, and we campaigned on the issue that we were going to get rid of political amateurs in running the city. Now we are looking for a new city manager. But good men are hard to find. They come high priced, too.

Do you envision the office of mayor making more inroads into your time and your law practice?

Oh yes. Next year will be a very barren year, productively, in my law practice. We don't pay our councilmen very much. With the time it consumes I figure we are probably the poorest paid public or private employees in the city. If you figure a normal work week of 40 hours as the base of pay, 2,000 hours a year, we could be receiving at a rate of $4.00 an hour, $8,000 a year. But that isn't the way it works out. With night meetings, all the other time that you put in on preparation, conferences, committee meetings, sessions, and extracurricular sessions, I figure I'm working for about a dollar an hour. [*He laughs, not sounding or seeming as tired as he did more than an hour earlier when the conversation began.*]

Ted Berry shows his visitor to the door and says, "See you in Atlanta." When United Methodism's General Conference met there for two weeks beginning in mid-April, Ted Berry was on call almost continuously as one of nine members of the Judicial Council, the denomination's "Supreme Court." He had arranged beforehand to have his city council committee business attended to, but he had to junket back twice for council meetings. "Luckily it's within an hour of Cincinnati by air, if Atlanta's celebrated fog doesn't interfere," he observes. □

At Hendrix College, again this summer, folks stand aside. For—

Here Come the Kids!

Text and Pictures by Herman B. Teeter

THE BIG RED summer sun is scarcely up over the treetops at Conway, Ark., before eight-year-old Shane Shoemake comes bounding out of bed with an eagerness one would expect only on Christmas morning. An hour or so later he piles into the car with his mother, and is on his way.

All over Conway, a pleasant town of 17,000, scores of other small fry are up and about. Some join car pools. Some leap onto their bicycles. Others come walking or running down shade-puddled streets.

Their destination is huge, modern Grove Gymnasium on the campus of Hendrix College, an 88-year-old United Methodist-owned institution. Behind the small fry, later throughout the day, will come groups of older boys and girls, black and white.

Young Shoemake arrives early and waits outside the gymnasium with a few other small boys. He wears a football jersey with the numeral "11," but his coonskin cap attracts most of the attention.

"Davy Crockett?"

"Nope. Dan'l Boone."

Grabbing the cap, Earsey Fuller runs away, Shane chasing. Earsey throws the coonskin to Terry Kelly. Kelly to Clifford Crenshaw. Crenshaw to Fuller and—oops!—Shane intercepts.

Deciding his pioneer headware is too tempting a target for his friends, Shane puts the coonskin in a handbag along with his swimming trunks, gym shoes, and towel. He takes out a baseball cap with the letter "H" blazed in front. It stands for Hasting's Heroes, a Buddy League baseball team in Conway.

"I can beat you running," declares Terry.

"I can beat all of you running," says Earsey.

They race several times up and down the broad walk

Youthful exuberance out-of-doors is disciplined at pool's edge by instructors Jim Wiedower and Raymond Easterwood.

in front of the gymnasium. Shane dons the coonskin again, wins one race, ends up second in another. Losing interest in running, the boys sit on a sign for a few minutes. Just as they begin a tussle to push one another off, the gymnasium doors open and they crowd indoors.

Outdoors is fun if you have wide open spaces, green grass, an "old swimmin' hole," a football, baseball, and bat. Indoors is fun, too, if it happens to be the well-equipped Hendrix College gymnasium named in honor of veteran coach Ivan Grove.

To the left, as the boys enter, is a roomy wing housing a basketball court, plus facilities for volleyball, badminton, trampolining, and elementary gymnastics. To the right, in another large wing, shimmers an indoor swimming pool, reward enough after other games and practice sessions on the basketball court.

That was last year. Five days a week, mid-June to late July, the gymnasium was alive with the sounds of laughter, leather on hardwood, referee whistles, and the splashing of energetic bodies in the pool. It is all part of a carefully supervised summer recreation program at Hendrix, planned again this summer for the fifth consecutive year. Again it will be open without charge to the city's schoolchildren, grades 1 through 12. Director of the summer program is Gerald Cound, Hendrix track coach. Mrs. Wilma Hayes, Hendrix physical-education instructor, is in charge of girls' activities.

Says Bob Courtway, athletic director of the college: "With no community-sponsored recreation program to

Who needs to learn diving? Isn't jumping also a lot of fun?

Gerald Cound, track coach at Hendrix, brings the same qualities of fairness and firmness to the gymnasium as he directs the multiple activities of hundreds of young people enrolled in the college's annual summer recreation program.

provide for the needs of the school-age children in our city, Hendrix took the responsibility of opening its facilities and offering its leadership in order to unfold new opportunities to the young people of the city."

Although the Conway program is not the only one of its kind, all too few exist. "Hendrix wants to be of service to the community as well as to our student body," says Mr. Courtway. "Should not all colleges seek to be community-service institutions?"

So wondered Dr. Marshall T. Steel, then president of Hendrix, as he looked out across the college's pleasant green campus in the spring of 1968. A native Arkansan who had pastored United Methodism's largest church (Highland Park, Dallas), Dr. Steel had noted the aimless wandering of many school-age children—mostly black—during the summer months. Many came to play on the campus which adjoins a black neighborhood.

Although Conway is the site of three colleges, it has no municipal swimming pool. As a result many of the children in the area had never learned to swim; few ever had the opportunity.

Thus, emphasis is placed on basic instruction in swimming and diving in the 75 by 42-foot pool which meets AAU specifications. With this facility, Hendrix swimmers have become perennial champions of the Arkansas Intercollegiate Conference, and Mr. Courtway, their coach, is a member of the U.S. Olympic Swimming Committee.

Since Dr. Steel's retirement, the recreation program has continued to expand under the administration of Dr. Roy Shilling, his successor. Financed entirely by the college for the first two years, it now receives assistance from various community sources.

Many of the children involved in the program—Shane Shoemake, for example—probably could swim in one or another of the private club pools in the area. Many others could not.

One who couldn't is a small black boy who caught the eye of Coach Cound one day last June. For some reason the lad stood out among the many. His size meant nothing in the gym, basketball court, or in the swimming pool. The boy was everywhere, quick as a flash, enthusiastic and determined to excel in everything he did.

Gerald Cound would not be a coach if he didn't see potential in such a lad. "He runs and walks about six miles to get here every day—that's a round trip of 12 miles. When a lad wants something that bad, whether he's black or white, he's well on his way."

However, Hendrix college's summer recreation program wasn't designed to produce future athletes. It was instituted principally for the so-called "disadvantaged" boys and girls in the community. And in most cases that meant the black children of Conway. But as more and more white boys and girls joined in—many of them from well-to-do families—something remarkable took place. A summer recreation program turned out to be an outstanding example of voluntary racial integration. □

Mrs. Wilma Hayes, attractive instructor in physical education at Hendrix (above), takes charge of a girls' session on the parallel bars. At right, little Susie Smith joins friends during a brief rest period in the gymnasium.

New Life Together

Sixth in a Series of Bible Studies on the Book of Acts

The Spirit-Filled Community

By EDWARD W. BAUMAN

NO ONE can read the early chapters in the Book of Acts without being deeply impressed by the vitality of the New Testament church. Among these early Christians a radiant joy and a boundless enthusiasm permeated their life together and strengthened their life in the world.

Ordinary men and women were transformed into strong and radiant witnesses for Christ. Prayer meetings and worship services were so moving that persons left them filled with a power they had never known before. Those who were in despair found hope, those who were sick found health, and those who had been estranged from God were converted.

"And fear came upon every soul; and many wonders and signs were done through the apostles. And all who believed were together and had all things in common; and they sold their possessions and goods and distributed them to all, as any had need. And day by day, attending the temple together and breaking bread in their homes, they partook of food with glad and generous hearts, praising God and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to their number day by day those who were being saved." (Acts 2:43-47.)

When we search the biblical record carefully to find the secret of this vitality, we find ourselves confronted by the reality of the Holy Spirit. It has been suggested that the Acts of the Apostles should have been called the Acts of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is mentioned in the opening sentence and at least three other times in the first chapter. The main theme of the second chapter is the gift of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. In the chapters that follow, the early Christians are filled with the Spirit, led by the Spirit, caught up in the Spirit, moved by the Spirit, and empowered by the Spirit. It is obvious that above everything else the New Testament church was a Spirit-filled community.

What does Luke mean by the Holy Spirit which he mentions on every page in the Book of Acts? This may seem an absurd question at first glance because every Christian knows about the Holy Spirit. But therein lies the problem. Every Christian knows *about* the Holy Spirit but not every Christian *knows* the Holy Spirit. We are talking about a reality which must be experienced in order to be understood; yet there is very little evidence of such experience in the contemporary church.

In becoming a highly complex religious institution, the church literally lost its spirit. To our dismay, we have discovered that expensive buildings, highly educated clergy, and complex programs are no substitute for the presence of the Holy Spirit. Margaret Mead's comment that "the church is the boringest old thing around" is the last thing that ever could have been said about the New Testament community. Whatever other weaknesses the early Christians had, there was always the excitement generated by their awareness of the action of the Holy Spirit in their midst.

It has been emphasized a great deal lately that there are very few good books on the Holy Spirit. One of the main reasons for this is that the experience of the Holy Spirit is "ineffable." This is a word which the mystics of the church use a great deal. It means that the things they have experienced in the presence of God are unutterable,

too moving to be put into words. How could our poor words ever describe our encounter with the living presence of God?

A seminary student who had spent an evening with one of his deeply loved and respected professors was trying to describe the way he had felt while the older man was praying. "I was afraid to put out my hand," he said, "lest I touch God." He did not mean this literally, but it is obvious that he was trying to say something about the nearness of God which no words could describe.

According to the 14th chapter of John's Gospel, Jesus had promised to send the Spirit to his disciples after he parted. In the 20th chapter there is an account of how he "breathed on them, and said to them, 'Receive the Holy Spirit.'" When the Book of Acts opens, the disciples asked Jesus the foolish question, "Lord, will you at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" It is a foolish question because he had told them over and over that his kingdom was not of this world. In his reply, he tries to turn their attention to the "kingdom within." "You shall receive power," he says, "when the Holy Spirit has come upon you."

According to the chronology of Acts, the Spirit came upon them with full force when they were all together in one place on the day of Pentecost: "Suddenly a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them tongues as of fire, distributed and resting on each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

The limitations of language inherent in passages like these have tended to throw us off the track. We have the feeling that the Holy Spirit is an esoteric "substance" that fills people and makes them act in strange ways, or an ethereal being who in some way constitutes the "third person of the Godhead," whatever that means! All that the New Testament writers are trying to say, however, is that the vivid reality of God's presence which they experienced when they were with Jesus *continued after he had left them*. God continued to give himself to them as a living presence; he continued to act with life-transforming power in the lives of individuals and groups. He literally offered them the gift of himself, and because they were willing to accept the gift, they were filled with a power beyond anything they had ever known before.

All this might be rather dull commentary on the past except for the fact that this same power is available to the church today! God continues to offer us the gift of his presence when we are gathered together in his name. Church renewal, for example, in any genuine sense is simply a result of our cooperation with the working of the Spirit. How I have rejoiced in recent months to find evidence of the Spirit's presence in the contemporary church in many of the same activities which characterized the life of the early Christian community.

Worship. It is clear from the Book of Acts that early Christian worship was a "happening" in the truest sense. When the community gathered to praise God and to thank him for Jesus Christ, things happened to them! And now, after many dull years, creative and exciting things are beginning to happen to us through the renewal of worship in the church of today.

I was amused by a young woman I met in a church where I had been preaching in a week of special services. During the sermon she kept holding up cards for me to read, but she was sitting so far back I couldn't understand what she was trying to tell me. When she came up afterward, I asked her what she was doing. She said, "I often feel deeply moved during the service and would like to shout out my joy. But I know you can't do that in a worship service so I had a set of cards printed up. When I feel the Spirit move me, I find the right card and hold it up. I know it sounds crazy, but it makes me feel better!"

It probably was a good thing I couldn't read the cards while I was preaching because she not only had "Amen" and "Hallelujah" in the set, she also had a card which said, "Go, man, go!" I am not suggesting, of course, that shouting in the service is necessarily a sign of the Spirit's presence, but I am glad that increasing numbers of persons at least *feel* like shouting!

Prayer. A striking reference in the Acts of the Apostles tells us that when the early Christians had prayed on one occasion, "the place in which they were gathered together was shaken." When they prayed, they were able to position themselves before God in such a way that they literally "felt" his presence moving within them and among them.

Anyone who has visited a contemporary church where disciplined prayer groups are functioning will understand the early Christian experience. God gives his power to persons involved in this kind of prayer, often with life-transforming results.

I recently received a letter from a teen-age girl who said that though she had previously been ashamed to admit to her friends that she believed in God, she was now very proud to admit to her friends that she did. She attributed the change to the presence of God she had experienced in a prayer group which she had joined a few months before. In the modern church many of us are beginning to experience in new ways the truth in one contemporary author's description of prayer as "the mightiest force in the world."

Healing. Because the early Christians were open to the presence of God, they became channels of God's healing power. According to tradition, the author of the Book of Acts was a physician. Knowing all too well that there would be no healing apart from the power of God, he records the healing "miracles" with special reverence and joy. There is no doubt that he would also rejoice at the rediscovery of this power in the church today.

A woman in our congregation who suffered a severe depression for many months received only limited relief from psychiatric therapy and medication. She is convinced that the deep healing which finally came was a gift of the Holy Spirit which she received through the church. Countless other persons in other congregations are receiving this same gift through the Christian community of healing.

Institutional housekeeping. One of the things we tend to overlook in our reading of Acts is the institutional housekeeping problem which the early Christians faced.

We become impatient with our budgets, Mimeograph machines, and committee meetings, and look with nostalgia at the early church which was "so spiritual." But look again! They had to choose officers, discuss finances, resolve disputes in the congregation, and decide where and how to worship. The striking thing is that references to the Holy Spirit are just as numerous in passages where these activities are taking place as in others. Because they were continuously open to God's presence, they were able to resolve their institutional problems in unusually creative ways.

It is very encouraging to find the modern church awakening to this possibility. Our council on ministries met weekly for several months so that we could spend the first hour in Bible study and prayer. The strong feeling of God's presence which now permeates the entire meeting has brought joy to us all. God eagerly offers us his love even in the midst of our business agenda when we gather "in the Spirit."

Mission. The passage in Acts about the "shaking" of the building during prayer occurs in a most interesting context. The disciples, forbidden by the authorities to proclaim the gospel, had gathered to pray for guidance. "And when they had prayed, the place in which they were gathered together was shaken; and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke the word of God with boldness." (Acts 4:31.) It is obvious from this and other passages throughout the book how their mission to the world was empowered by the Holy Spirit.

In the contemporary church a great deal has been said about the renewal of mission. The most encouraging thing about this is the growing awareness that the church's mission of love to the world is unique because of the way in which it is empowered by the Holy Spirit. A young lawyer in our congregation told me how his experience of prayer was making it possible for him to share the good news of Christ in ways he never would have dreamed of before. Whether speaking about Christ or serving the needs of others in Christ's name, the church shares the presence of God with the world through the power of the Holy Spirit.

Speaking in tongues. According to the second chapter of Acts, one of the unusual manifestations of the Spirit's presence in the early church was "speaking in tongues." Persons were so caught up in their ecstatic awareness of God's presence they lost control of their vocal chords and spoke "in other tongues."

In every age, including our own, this experience has been given to some individuals in the church. When the experience is given to us in a way that results in wholeness of life for ourselves and creative growth within the congregation, then we may be sure it is "of God." Unfortunately, however, some persons have focused their entire religious life on this one particular phenomenon and have tried to make other Christians who have not had the experience feel inferior. Such an attitude, which tends to create division in the church, should serve as a warning that "speaking in tongues" may result from a self-induced emotional high which is very destructive. There is no question about the widespread general interest in this phenomenon, however. A television program which I presented on this subject brought in more mail than any other program we have ever done.

In all these and in other ways, we experience the living presence of God as the Holy Spirit, and we understand why the church insists on a trinitarian doctrine to describe the greatness of God's love. He loves us as the Father through the continuing process of creation in the world around us. He loves us as the Son, showing us in Jesus Christ how we can become fully and truly human. And he loves us as the Holy Spirit, his continuing living presence within us and among us.

Those who accept his love in all these ways become a part of the Spirit-filled community of Christ and move with hope and joy into a wholeness of life that is always filled with ultimate meaning and wonderful surprises. □

GIVE US PEACE

O God of creation,
Whose Son has said, "Peace! Be still!"
Save us from the quietness of the sand and seashell,
Which is escape;
Save us from the quiet that is broken only
by the air conditioner or furnace fan,
Which is boredom;
Save us from the quiet we feel in the midst of crowds,
Which is isolation.

O God of creation,
Whose Son has said, "Peace I leave with you; my peace
I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I
unto you,"
Give us the quiet of a cheerful community,
Which is the harmony of peoples,
Which is Your *peace.*

—Helen Sue Isely

NEWS

The penetrating gaze from a 14-foot-high head of Christ dominates the interior of Rosyth Methodist Church, 12 miles north of Edinburgh, Scotland. Using tones of blue as the basic color, a Rosyth artist completed the mural in about 300 hours. For permanence, he used 15th-century fresco techniques.

'THE DUMB KID': AVAILABLE FOR ADOPTION

The block child, once one of the hordest for odoption ogencies to place, is no longer waiting. Toking his ploce is Americo's mentol ond sociol outcost—"the dumb kid."

Using the colloquial in his description of these troubled children, Kenneth W. Wotson, director of foster core ond odoption ot the Chicogo Child Care Society, spoke to representotives from United Methodist-reloted odoption ond foster-core agencies at o session of the denominotion's Notionol Association of Heolth ond Welfore Ministries' 32nd onnuol convention.

The majority of those hoping to odopt todoy—the educoted middle-closs white family—do not hove a ploce in their lives for a child who hos minimal possibilities for educationol ond social achievement, Mr. Wotson soid. Even physically hondicapped children, he odded, ore not the problem they once were to place.

The problem, he stressed, is not with the child but with the Americon volue system ond concept of adoption—thot it is for those who are adopting ond not for the child being adopted.

Historicolly, he soid, odoption was designed for parents who couldn't hove children biologicolly, royalty and noblemen who needed heirs to carry on fomily estates and nomes.

Through the yeors, Mr. Wotson odded, we hove devised "a hoax of orbitrory eligibility," soying o fomily hos to meet certoin predetermined quolificotions until, many times, we exclude those who hove the one thing thot children really need—love.

Mr. Wotson's views met with approval by the mojority of those in the small audience.

The recent drostic decline in ovailable heolthy bobies, especiolly white bobies, was cited os o major problem by mony. According to Mr. Wotson, the decline is o result of birth-control informotion, obortion, ond o rise in the number of unwed mothers keeping their babies.

The function of odoption ogencies, Mr. Wotson reminded the group, is not to provide more ovoiloble bobies or to encouroge unwed mothers to give up their bobies or to forgo obortion.

"We must ploce the child *already* in our adoption centers—the physically hondicapped, 'the dumb kids,' ond the older child who is often both," Mr. Watson said. "We must exomine oll possible fomilies ond sort out those most ideol for our children who wait."

CENTURY CLUB

Joining our Together Century Club this month are two men and three women.

Mrs. J. Web (Caroline) Brown, 101, Viola, Ill.

E. Marvin Goodwin, 100, Mission, Texas.

Mrs. E. H. (Rosa) Johnson, 100, Jackson, Miss.

Mrs. Josephine Johnson, 100, Dunkirk, N.Y.

Charles Keiser, 100, Wenatchee, Wash.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, and name and address of nominee's church

COCU SUGGESTS MORE WOMEN, YOUTH, ETHNICS

When the Consultotion on Church Union (COCU) holds its next plenory meeting the "foce" of the group moy be younger, more colorful, and prettier than ever.

COCU's executive committee has recommended thot eoch of the nine porticipoting denominotions in the consultotion:

- Increase the number of women in the ten-member delegotion to five.
- Hove no more thon five clergy omong the ten.
- Have ot leost two persons under oge 25, one of them under oge 21.
- Have at least two persons from rocial and ethnic minority groups.

This is only the second time in the consultation's ten years that leaders hove suggested any particular mokeup of each denomination's delegotion. In 1968 the size of eoch delegation wos increoseed from nine to ten with the odded member to be under oge 28.

The United Methodist delegotion elected for COCU's tenth plenary meeting in September, 1971, included five bishops, one seminary deon, one college president, one woman, and one seminory groduate student who also was the "young odult" delegote.

There is to be no COCU plenary session in 1972. The next is scheduled for April 2-6, 1973, in Memphis, Tenn.

United Methodists in the News

A United Methodist lay woman has been elected president of the Minnesota Council of Churches. Mrs. **Louise C. Hoistad**, of St. Paul, is the second woman to head the organization in its 113-year history.

Selected "Mobilian of the Year" by the Civitan Clubs of Mobile, Ala., was **Oliver H. Delchamps, Jr.**, member of Dauphin Way United Methodist Church in Mobile.

Called the number one philanthropist in Cincinnati, Ohio, **Louis Nippert** was inducted into the United Methodist Hall of Fame in Philanthropy by the National Association of Health and Welfare Ministries. He was recognized for 40 years of service to the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Home Association in Cincinnati and his financial support and service to other United Methodist-related institutions and many other groups.

Dr. **Carl Bangs**, professor of historical theology at Saint Paul School of Theology—Methodist in Kansas City, Mo., was elected president of the American Society of Church History.

The Rev. **Darrel E. Berg** has been granted leave of absence as pastor of Trinity United Methodist Church in Lincoln, Nebr., while he runs for the U.S. House of Representatives. Retired Bishop **W. Angie Smith** will serve as interim pastor.

President of the new Oklahoma Conference of Churches is the Rev. **H. Ray Baker**, pastor of Wickline United Methodist Church in Midwest City. The conference, which succeeds the Oklahoma Council of Churches, includes 14 Protestant, Greek Orthodox, and Roman Catholic groups.

New president of Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, is Dr. **Paul Hardin III**. President of United Methodist-related Wofford College in Spartanburg, S.C., the past four years, he succeeds Dr. **Willis M. Tate**, who after 18 years as president will become chancellor of SMU. Dr. Hardin also is 1972 president of the National Association of Schools and Colleges of The United Methodist Church and president of the Association of Church-Related Colleges in the South.

Michael Lynn (Mickey) Dunn may be the youngest member of a pastor-parish relations committee in United Methodism. Elected recently at Reynolds Memorial Church in Bristol, Va., Mickey is 14.

BLACK CLERIC TO HEAD U.S. MISSIONS WORK

The United Methodist Board of Missions' National Division, which expends about $11 million annually, has its third chief executive in less than 24 months.

The Rev. Randolph Nugent, a 38-year-old black native of New York City, is the new associate general secretary of the division, one of three which make up the denomination's largest board.

Mr. Nugent succeeds Betsy K. Ewing, who had been acting associate general secretary since the resignation of the Rev. J. Edward Carothers in October, 1970. Miss Ewing returns to the division's number two post as assistant general secretary.

Since April, 1970, Mr. Nugent has headed the National Council of Churches' Division of Overseas Ministries. Before that he directed Metropolitan Urban Service Training (MUST), a United Methodist-launched facility providing orientation in urban mission.

READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE DEFENDS CHURCH ACTION

In what it described as "in the spirit of fair play," ***Reader's Digest*** magazine printed an article in its April issue defending "controversial social action" by and perhaps "disruptive" preaching within churches.

The article was written by J. Irwin Miller, Indiana industrialist, Disciples of Christ layman, and former president of the National Council of Churches.

Mr. Miller wrote in response to a two-part series the ***Digest*** printed last fall critical of the World Council of Churches (WCC), specifically its Program to Combat Racism and its admission of the Russian Orthodox Church to membership. The WCC asked the ***Digest*** for space in which to counteract the criticism.

"There is no way the World Council, or even local congregations, can play it safe and be true to the gospel," wrote Mr. Miller. A former member of the WCC's policy-making Central Committee, Mr. Miller added that the Christian gospel is opposed to corruption.

"In times past this has meant leading the fight against child labor, slavery, and any abuse of private or public power—and for prison reform, for the rights of the workingman to form unions.

"Today it clearly involves support for complete racial equality, for the elimination of poverty and hunger in a potentially affluent world, and for the extension of full democratic powers to the deprived and powerless."

The layman concluded that if the WCC or the churches "should decide to play it safe, to remain silent in times when a prophet's voice is needed, then I fear for the church—and for all of us."

RETIRED MISSIONARY DIES AT AGE 106

On her 100th birthday retired missionary Layona Glenn stopped by the White House to call on then President Johnson, then went to Brazil to see the field of her long-ago labors as a Methodist.

Now Miss Glenn is dead at 106, the victim of complications following a fall. For seven years she had lived in a retirement home near Atlanta, Ga.

Daughter of a Civil War surgeon, Miss Glenn began her missionary career in Brazil in 1894. Because of her father's illness she returned home in 1917. Knowledge of Portuguese earned her a wartime job with the Postal Censorship Bureau, and after the war she worked as a newspaperwoman in Georgia.

In 1923 she returned to Brazil as a missionary school principal. She retired from there in 1934.

Long after retirement she wrote weekly columns for three newspapers in Georgia. Her autobiography, ***I Remember, I Remember,*** was published in 1969. For her 103rd birthday she received a cake in the shape of a book and a greeting from President Nixon. She continued to speak and write on missions almost up to her death.

HAPPINESS IS . . . ? ASK A RELIGIOUS PERSON

The popular *Peanuts* cartoon characters claim they know what real "happiness is."

But a public-relations firm's recent study revealed that religion, not doghouses or the Great Pumpkin, is the one element that makes people happiest. (Eight elements "connected with happiness" were studied.)

The research on consumer attitudes toward personal happiness was conducted by Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn, Inc., mainly because of their intrigue at the agreement by a large body of philosophers, psychologists, and sociologists that "the pursuit of happiness may be the cornerstone of human nature."

"Very religious" people, the study claimed, were 12 times more likely to be "very happy" and "it appears that religion does have a very practical function," the study said.

The firm compiled its information through a series of telephone interviews among a random sample of 402 adults in the New England and Middle Atlantic states and used a research approach developed by two University of Chicago sociopsychologists.

In addition to finding that religion is a major factor in attaining happiness, the study revealed that generally women were happier than men, married people happier than single people, and middle-class people happier than those at the extremes of the socioeconomic ladder.

Notable were overall findings that 90 percent of all the people surveyed claimed to be either "very happy" or "somewhat happy." The "very happy" outnumbered the "unhappy" four to one.

Missing from the survey, the firm said, were the expected "Americans of popular culture—the 'alienated,' 'anomic,' 'sick,' 'guilty,' 'people at the breaking point'—which we read and hear so much about nowadays.

"The average American," the study concluded, "seems to be a relatively contented individual."

There's nothing new about young people marching. In fact, there have been so many protest marches all over the country that they have become rather ho-hum.

So why be interested in a march held by a group of Tampa, Fla., United Methodist youngsters? Because this group wasn't protesting anything. They were doing something—"telling others what Christ means to us and showing we don't have to limit our worship of him to Sundays, or to just within the church." So they planned a "Jesus Explosion" and advertised it with lettered and painted placards and marched 15 miles to publicize their weekend celebration—songs, prayer, and testimony of their joy in their love for Christ.

An "explosion" is their description of this love because it's "bursting, expanding, and reaching out to others." That weekend the youth reached over 500 people, evidence of what Oak Grove United Methodist pastor, the Rev. Jack Kelley, calls the hunger and need of people of all ages to hear more about Christ. Babes in arms, grandparents, youth and parents were drawn by the pageantry and spirit of the occasion.

The successful turnout at the Explosion, the conversions and baptisms resulting from it, were not only the beginning of their efforts, group members said, but a promising proof to them that the youthful movement for Jesus is "not just a passing fad."

Gamblers Anonymous: A Daily Ritual of Support

The meeting in the church basement was not a typical church gathering. The 18 men seated around the U-shaped tables fit no stereotype. Ages ranged from 35-65. They could have been business executives, truck drivers, salesmen, anyone's next-door neighbor. But all shared one nightmare—compulsive gambling.

At this Thursday night meeting of Gamblers Anonymous (GA), they intensely watched and nodded in recognition as one by one they stood and told their stories. Each man was fighting for his life, trying to live one day at a time without slipping back to cards, horses, or whatever his "game" had been. In another room in the church their wives were at a Gam-Anon meeting learning how to cope with their own problems and their husbands' gambling.

Before coming to GA these men had gambled away their pride, respect of family and friends, and thousands of dollars, leaving trails of unpaid bills, bad checks, and broken marriages. They were seldom at home. Some lost jobs. Gambling was an obsession. Only when they reached rock bottom with no one or no place to turn to could each man admit, "I am a compulsive gambler and I want to quit."

More than 25,000 men and women have been helped by GA, founded in 1957 in Los Angeles. Patterned after Alcoholics Anonymous (AA), GA practices group therapy, believing that persons sharing the same experience can support one another and solve their common problem together.

The Trigger Is Easy

GA is based on a 12-step recovery program which helps the gambler change his personality and pattern of living. There is no "cure," for compulsive gambling is seen as a progressive illness which can only be arrested. The flip of a coin or an office pool can trigger a return to gambling. If one member slips, he lets the entire GA group down. Members are encouraged to devote as much time as possible to GA and to carry the message that there is help to other compulsive gamblers. It is a ritual to be lived every day.

At nine o'clock on this Thursday evening the ritual began as it does every meeting with men taking turns reading aloud every word of their 17-page GA handbook.

Next came the therapies, each man relating his gambling experience, problems, and how he overcame them.

"My name is Steve and I am a compulsive gambler." Steve hadn't placed a bet since he came to GA 17½ days ago but it gets both rougher and easier every day. Friends call with invitations to go to the trotters. Spare time is a problem, but telephoning GA members between meetings helps a little, he tells the others. "It took me 14 years to get in GA, but now my wife is on my side for the first time—and so are the 17 guys in this room." As he sat down, the men gave Steve an enthusiastic, supportive round of applause.

Ed P. has been clean since January, 1970, the best two years of his life. He tried poker, Las Vegas, sports, horses, and owed $230 a week to "juice men" (loan sharks) when he came to GA. "Respect? My wife lost that long ago. Business people, too." But now Ed's family comes first. "My involvement in GA keeps me from going back. It doesn't give me a chance to think."

No one had any idea that Lee N. gambled. A compulsive gambler for 20 to 25 years, he is 36 and has been clean for 562 days. "I was a church trustee, respected businessman, a leader in my community. People looked up to me. Me a compulsive gambler?" Lee's gambling led to bad checks and embezzlement, but after working two jobs he is finally clear of debt. "GA has done it for me. Now it's what I give GA."

Gamblers Anonymous is nonprofessional and self-supporting (no dues or fees). The only membership requirement is a desire to stop gambling, but each chapter depends on voluntary services and contributions of its members. Local chapter officers meet with gamblers and their families to help them work out ways to repay their debts. Putting family first, they take the cost of living off the top of the member's income and divide the balance among creditors.

GA accepts no outside contributions, is not affiliated with religious or political groups, and takes no stand on gambling or other national issues. Its National Service Office receives inquiries and sends them to local chapters.

Churches Provide Sites

There are about 165 GA chapters in the United States and 33 overseas. Churches, YMCAs, and other institutions simply provide meeting sites for which GA makes a small contribution. Among these are 12 United Methodist churches including Paramount (Calif.) Church. The GA program there grew out of AA, for the two problems often go together, says the Rev. Frank Dannelly. One thing he can't understand is why GA doesn't fight legalization of gambling.

Most of the GA chapter members at First United Methodist Church, the only downtown Protestant Church in Las Vegas, Nev., came through pastoral counseling. The Rev. Douglas A. Harrell says his church "has majored in group work for many years and has programs going day and night.

"When people have a need to gamble, they'll find a way whether it's legal or not," he believes.

Legalized gambling is growing as more states turn to gambling for additional revenue. Since 1964, when New Hampshire established the first legal lottery in 70 years [see *State Lotteries: Christians Must Say No!* May, page 41], New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts have followed suit. Connecticut will also become the 30th state to have parimutuel racing; Virginia could be the 31st. In addition, New York City's Off Track Betting Corporation, first venture of its kind, is under scrutiny by state and local officials around the country. Legalization of casino gambling has also been proposed in resort areas such as Miami Beach and Atlantic City.

GA estimates there are at least 8 million compulsive gamblers in the United States. The odds are that as legalized gambling grows, the number will rise. The United Methodist Church, traditionally opposed to gambling, has stated that Christians should aid those victimized by gambling. Members of at least 12 churches are doing that. Others may want to jot down this address—Gamblers Anonymous, P.O. Box 17173, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017—and help carry the message.

—*Lynda Campo*

Films & TV

MARLON BRANDO'S death scene in the much-acclaimed film **The Godfather** occurs in the garden af his estate. Playing with his grandchild, Brando, as the aging "don" of a New Yark Mafia family, suddenly crumples, seized by a heart attack, and falls dead amid the rows af a small garden.

Maments befare, the Godfather has frightened his grandchild by fashianing fangs out of an arange peel, pretending ta be a manster. Realizing that he has gane toa far, the ald man breaks inta a smile and sweeps the child up in his arms, reassuring him that the manster is really genial old grandpa.

This rather pralanged scene sums up the basic prablem and the effectiveness af *The Godfather*, a picture that has restared Branda to a preeminent rale amang American actars. Its effectiveness is in Branda's superb performance as a benign, weary autharitarian wha commands a majar Mafia family. Voice husky, cheeks puffed and wrinkled, Brando's screen presence lifts the film to heights its genre does not deserve. As a playlike manster playing in the garden, Branda cames through as an attractive leader who really isn't as bad as his fake fangs suggest. And that is the film's prablem. With Brando so effective as the grandfatherly figure wha rules much af New Yark's underwarld in the period just after World War II, the picture skirts dangerously close to glarifying or at least justifying the role af arganized crime.

On an esthetic level, the film must rank as ane of the year's best. Directar Francis Fard Cappala partrays the closed underworld as a trapped society, canveying a sense af opulence canfined ta a basement. Within this stifling atmosphere, crawded by dark panel walls and high stone fences, Mafia families create their awn saciety, camplete with pride, honor, and codes af behaviar, within which family weddings are celebrated, and the family's women are respected and pratected.

Cappala's direction—and Brando's acting—evoke immediate sympathy far the family because the enemy throughout is nat the palice or law-abiding society, but apposing gangster families. Ordinary citizens seem never to be affected by the behaviar af the "don's" family activities. In a crucial plat turn, the Gadfather is asked ta help with drug activities in New York. He refuses, because he feels that while gambling, prastitution, and illegal whiskey are vices ta be pursued, drugs can be harmful. By laading the plot so heavily in favar of the Gadfather's cancept af what is good for society, the picture pases a serious prablem af sacial interpretatian.

There is an abvious attempt by Coppala to suggest that Mafia activities are illegal, but that they are run efficiently and follow the ethics of America's big business, i.e., "when I hurt yau, it's nat personal; it's just business." While all the vengeance and killing are regrettable, he suggests, they da serve the purpase of maintaining order and pratecting the superior position af the family. And, in case the audience has missed the point, late in the film the Godfather's successor tells his girl friend that senators and presidents alsa kill for a purpose.

This simply won't da because it fails to place underwarld activities in the praper cantext. By facusing only on the family's struggle ta maintain its ascendency, the film cames thraugh as a partrait of an aging industrial leader, ar a dictatar af a small natian wha knaws that leadership involves dirty behaviar but feels his responsibility ta a large number af peaple requires that for the greater gaad he may slaughter his enemies.

The Godfather has restored Marlon Brando to a preeminent role among American actors.

The film that made Gearge Pattan inta a sympathetic character dealt with a tapic (Warld War II) that passessed same af its own inner justification for being—an ugly war that nonetheless had ta be faught. *The Godfather* attempts the same thing, anly its tapic passesses na inner justificatian for being, unless yau happen ta feel that efficiency and discipline are warthwhile ends in themselves.

On ane level then, as suspense epic and cinematic partrait, *The Godfather* is a cammendable film. But at a deeper level, it is a disturbing and dangerous film because what it celebrates is honor among thieves. Perhaps Coppola wanted to suggest that the Mafia is evil anly in the way the United States is evil as it utilizes farce ta maintain arder abroad and at home. If so, he fails in his cannecting lagic because he makes the criminals sa attractive that the viewer finds himself fargiving —and what is mare distressing—candoning their behaviar.

—*James M. Wall*

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

May 22, 8-9 p.m., EDT on ABC —*The Eagle and the Hawk*. Ecology special with Joanne Woodward and her daughter.

May 29, 8-9 p.m., EDT on ABC —*Oceans*. Ecology special concerned with ocean pollution.

June 16, 8-9 p.m., EDT on ABC —*A Sound of Dolphins*.

June 19, 8-9, p.m., EDT on ABC —*The Perpetual People Puzzle*. Deals with the human comedy in satire and comedy. Stars Howard Cosell, Gwen Verdon, James Earl Jones, and Jack Cassidy.

Listings for CBS and NBC programs for the period mid-May to mid-June had not been announced at *Together's* press time.

For Its Elderly Members . . .

The Church Must Remain the Church

WE ARE LIVING longer than Americans used to —20 years longer than Americans lived 70 years ago—and if the present decline in the birth rate continues, the proportion of older people in our society will have more than doubled by 1990.

The prospect of longer life is a precious gift, of course, but it may bring some accompanying problems. As the proportion of retired citizens gets bigger, the proportion of people in their working years will get correspondingly smaller, and the burden on caught-in-the-middle taxpayers may become insupportable unless all the miracle promises of technology come true or the customary retirement age is extended far beyond today's 65.

As a matter of fact, later retirement may be a good idea because people are more healthy and vigorous at 65, 70, and 75 than they used to be. How an older society will work out is something we can only guess at. But the church has been experiencing the trend toward fewer young people and more older people for some time.

United Methodist health and welfare ministries provide a wide range of hospital and retirement home services for older people, although up to now many of the church's retirement homes have been more expensive than a lot of retirees can afford. The church recognizes its need to work toward retirement homes that are within reach of people who are not well-to-do, and it is experimenting in that direction. It must succeed.

Since most elderly people keep on living in their own homes, however, our church's principal ministry to the elderly is up to local United Methodists. In every congregation people need to ask themselves what they should be doing for their senior members. The use of the word "for" isn't good theology because no matter how old a Christian is, he or she still is a part of the body of Christ and still is called upon to minister as well as to be ministered to. But the question is realistic in its recognition that people do have special needs as they get older, and that some of these needs must be met by the church.

It is beyond the ability of most, perhaps all, local churches to carry on a ministry to the aging that includes all the things suggested by the General Board of Education and and the General Board of Health and Welfare Ministries, and probably no single church would need to include them all.

Each local church has to be realistic in assessing the needs of its older members and other elderly people in the community it serves. Then it has to look equally realistically at the capabilities, talents, and commitments of its members, and at the possibilities for service offered by its meeting halls, classrooms, kitchens, and other facilities.

Every local church can begin by finding out what supportive services are available to the aged people in its community, and how it can help strengthen these community programs.

Most of all, however, every local church needs to look at itself. Many senior members feel that their church has left them high and dry to run after relevancy through social action, new forms of worship, and even new jargon that makes old ideas sound alien and strange.

Some older members struggle to hang onto the power they have held, and to turn the church back to older, more familiar ways. Often they are successful—sometimes too successful. In contrast, other elderly members give up and turn their responsibilities over to others, sometimes with bitterness and the unspoken belief that surely no younger person will care so much or handle duties so well.

None of this is healthy for a congregation, but happily congregations, like people, defy stereotyping. Some senior members are among the first to welcome change, for it is not true that to be old is to be tired, worn out, and unreceptive to new ideas. To be old, though, does invite the "they don't want me any more" feeling, and this feeling the local church must combat with every resource that it has.

The church needs to be very sure that its elderly members feel needed still, that they know they are appreciated for their worth as individuals, honored for their loyalty and past good works, and loved because they are children of God. In doing this it repays its debt to them for its very life and gives them the strength of knowing that the church remains the same church they were taught to believe would always be their rock and refuge.

—Your Editors

Twenty million Americans find some clouds obscuring their sunset years.

Growing Old in a Youth-Oriented Throw-Away Society

By Helen Johnson
Associate Editor, *Together*

"DO YOU realize," my young friend from Chile demanded, "that the United States is the only country in the world that doesn't respect its old people?"

We were having dinner together during the White House Conference on Aging, held in Washington, D.C., late in 1971, and I had been telling her about some of the problems of aging that conference delegates were trying to wrestle with.

The delegates, too, realized that the root problem of getting old in the United States is the way Americans look at age. In a society where the emphasis is on youth, and everything from cars to television sets is junked before it is allowed to wear out, people who are old often feel junked, too. Often ignored, even resented, they watch everything going faster and faster while they get slower and slower. Yet 20 million Americans—a tenth of our entire population—are 65 or over.

Probably nobody can say how the age 65 became the point at which the average American is given a retirement party and a set of golf clubs or a television set

and told, in essence, to "run away, now, and play." It is true that there was a day when men and women were old at 40, but now it is common to see people in their 70s, even 80s, who are still energetic, still capable, and still busy.

Many of these young old people don't retire at all. They continue to direct businesses they own, or have jobs with companies with flexible retirement policies. Sometimes they work part time, slowing down but not suddenly changing their way of living.

To some Americans retirement brings time to do the things they have always wanted to do, the chance to move to a kinder climate, the freedom to travel, to perfect a hobby, or to get involved in public service. Still vigorous, still interested in the world, still sure of their own identities and their own worth, they have the health and the income to make their later years golden. You see them on the golf course or at the garden club. They take trips. They are active in church. They may move out of the homes in which they raised their families to town houses or apartments. They become residents of church-sponsored retirement homes so they won't have to worry as they grow older and need more care. You find them in retirement communities in Florida, Arizona, or California.

To vastly more older Americans the term "golden years" is only a tasteless joke. For them, getting old means forced retirement, inadequate income, failing health, and a growing feeling of helplessness.

Many of them saved carefully throughout their working years and thought that they would have plenty to live on when they retired. When that day came, they discovered that inflation had reduced their savings and other financial resources to about a fourth of their original value. They bought homes, thinking that these would give them a place to live for the rest of their lives, but these homes now are being threatened by zooming property taxes and inflated costs for repairs and maintenance.

The older homeowner finds that he can't do all the things he used to do. Painting, plumbing, and other repairs are too much for stiffened joints and unsteady hands, yet the cost of having them done is out of sight. Carpeting becomes worn but can't be replaced. So do curtains and furniture. Snow goes unshoveled. Grass is cut less often. Flower beds become weed patches.

Even so, three fourths of America's retired couples live in homes they own, letting things go, somehow paying higher and higher real-estate taxes to cover the education of other people's children, knowing that if they have to sell their homes, they will have no comparable place to go. Rents are prohibitive, and fewer and fewer sons and daughters have room for elderly parents in apartments or houses without extra bedrooms.

Company pension plans mushroomed during the 1940s and '50s, and many a worker assumed that he wouldn't have to worry about money when he retired. But the number of years workers must participate before they can draw benefits from these plans keep many workers from collecting a cent on retirement.

Recent plant shutdowns, company mergers, massive layoffs, and employer bankruptcies have left millions more workers without benefits.

In 1971 we saw the birth of a new class of poor as people in their 40s and 50s suddenly found themselves without jobs—and in many cases without pension coverage and other fringe benefits. These older workers (the federal definition of older worker starts at age 45) also learned quickly that even if they could find a job in a tight labor market where youth has priority, they still wouldn't have enough working years left to rebuild their retirement benefits.

Widespread unemployment in 1971 also cut into full-time or part-time jobs held by men and women over 65. Actually, Social Security discourages its recipients from working, anyway. Unless you have reached 72, you lose Social Security benefits equal to half of all you earn over $1,680 a year, while $1 in benefits is withheld for each $1 of earnings over $2,880. And for most older Americans Social Security is the major source of income. In many cases this is not enough to keep them above the poverty line.

HOW DO YOU live on a Social Security income? Not very well unless you have more savings or other resources than most Social Security recipients.

A New Jersey couple receives $1,920 a year in Social Security benefits. They own their own home, and after they have paid real-estate taxes and bills for water, gas, electricity, and fuel oil, they eat on what is left. They can't afford three meals a day, but they do manage to have one good one a day.

A 76-year-old Pennsylvania woman is trying to get along on $55 a month from Social Security. She earns an occasional fee for giving French lessons or doing babysitting, and she has some money in the bank, but her savings are vanishing rapidly. She doesn't feel sorry for herself. "I am aware that some elderly people are worse off than I," she says.

And she is right. The Senior Citizens Service Corps in Pittsburgh, Pa., tells of 39 widows of steelworkers. All are between 75 and 80, and all have to try to live on less than $1,500 a year. Nearly half of them have less than $1,000. They all own their homes, and during their husbands' lifetimes they had a good living, even after their husbands retired on pensions. But the pensions died with the husbands, and now the widows are afraid to apply for public assistance because they are afraid that they would lose their homes if they did. They struggle to pay their real-estate taxes and exist on what they have left. They don't eat as they should, they don't seek medical attention, and they don't buy clothing.

People on Social Security say that what they need are increased income, cheaper housing, and lower-cost prescriptions. Medicare helps with hospital and doctor bills, but many items like prescriptions, dental care, hearing aids, and home help are not covered. And the cost of Medicare insurance has gone up faster than Social Security benefits.

Fear of illness, particularly incapacitating illness, is the elderly man or woman's greatest fear. This they know means the end of carefully guarded independence and may mean entering a nursing home. There are good nursing homes, some of them church run, where the emphasis is on getting the patient well and back home

again. But too many nursing homes have taken advantage of the fact that payments for bedridden patients are higher than payments for ambulatory patients and have kept their clients in bed, often under sedation, instead of trying to get them on their feet again. Fire and safety rules have been ignored. Patients have gotten poor food and negligent care. And human needs have been utterly neglected. The nursing-home situation got so bad, in fact, that late in 1971 the federal government threatened to withhold Medicaid funds from 38 states until their nursing-home inspection and licensing procedures were brought up to federal standards. It is hoped that this will improve many homes.

Another problem for elderly people is transportation. The older you grow the less chance there is that you are driving or hold a driver's license. If you live in the country, or even in many suburbs, not being able to drive means that you have to depend on neighbors or relatives for rides to church, shopping, the doctor and dentist, and all the other places you have to go. Even if you live in town and are on a bus route, there is the rising cost of bus fares, the possibility that the bus doesn't go where you want to go or at the time you want to go, waiting at bus stops and the difficulty of getting on and off the bus, particularly if the driver's stops and starts don't make allowance for age.

At the White House Conference there was a lot of talk about what the federal government needs to do for America's older people; and in areas like Social Security, health care, housing, and relief from property taxes, where large-scale programs and funding are necessary, federal effort is needed. There is a place, too, for federal funding to get new programs off the ground.

Federal funds initiated the successful Foster Grandparent program, in which older people with low incomes are paid to give children in institutions the kinds of attention and love they would not otherwise receive.

In rural areas, Green Thumb and Green Light programs employ low-income elderly men and women to beautify parks and roadsides, to serve as aides in schools and libraries, to work in homemaker services, to make friendly visits to home-bound old people, or to provide transportation for elderly people. These projects are sponsored by the Farmers Union under a grant from the U.S. Department of Labor.

The American Association of Retired Persons and the National Retired Teachers Association have a Department of Labor contract for training older people in new skills and helping others brush up on long unused skills. Education was stressed at the White House Conference, not only for people over 65 but also for people in their 40s and 50s who are still on the job because they need to know how to prepare for retirement.

Under another Labor department contract the National Council of Senior Citizens operates 21 projects in which older men and women are employed to perform a wide variety of community services as senior AIDES (Alert, Industrious, Dedicated, Energetic Service). In a number of cases working as a senior AIDE has led to a full-time job.

In Model Cities areas elderly people are employed for work in day-care centers and to serve as homemakers and handymen in their neighborhoods.

In four rural Pennsylvania counties you can find people driving their cars to work in the morning and then, instead of parking them for the day, they turn the car keys over to drivers who take people of any age, including older people, where they need to go. The cars are ready for their owners again at the end of the day. This service, called STRIDE (Small Transportation Required in Development) is funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity with a board of directors and neighborhood councils in each community.

A few years ago it was taken for granted that a retirement home was the most desirable way to serve the needs of elderly people. Now geriatrics experts are convinced that while some people do need institutional living, most elderly people are better off staying in their own homes as long as they can. Of course, this means developing a wide variety of supportive services within the community. Among these are homemaker services, health-aid service, handyman service, shopping, transportation, meals-on-wheels, daily telephone calls, and friendly visits.

THE LONGER a man or woman can live independently, the longer he or she can maintain a sense of identity, supported by familiar surroundings. When the time comes that independent living is no longer possible, then the next choice may be living with relatives or in a retirement home. And something new has risen above the horizon—communes made up of elderly people. Sometimes group living is more successful than living with relatives because people go into it taking less for granted, and are more willing to make adjustments.

Living alone, with relatives, or in any kind of group, elderly people will tell you that loneliness is an inevitable accompaniment to growing old. Each year takes its toll of contemporaries, and no young companionship can take the place of old friendships and shared memories. Elderly people have a special need to make new friends their own age, to socialize, to date, perhaps to remarry, but one of their greatest obstacles is their children, who often feel that such conduct is unseemly at their parents' age. Social Security, too, can be an obstacle to marriage, for a couple doesn't draw as much in benefits as two people who are not married. An amusing television show a few years ago centered on how shocked a granddaughter was because her grandmother chose to "live in sin" instead of marrying her elderly sweetheart—but they felt they couldn't afford to get married and lose benefits.

Senior centers in many communities give older people a place to meet contemporaries, to sit and talk, play cards, work on a hobby, have a hot meal, see a special program, or get counseling on their problems. In Oklahoma City, Okla., St. Luke's United Methodist Church's wide-ranging senior-center program includes a school of continuing education in which members may study Spanish, archaeology, creative writing, and numerous other subjects.

In addition to giving elderly people a chance to eat in a social setting, group meals in senior centers provide nutrition that may be badly needed. Many older people eat less and less, particularly if they eat alone. In fact, people who work with them think that eating with

others is so important that no effort to include handicapped people can be too much.

For people who absolutely cannot leave their homes, the answer may be meals-on-wheels. These home-delivered meals not only give meals-on-wheels clients nutritious hot lunches and equally nutritious cold suppers, they also have to brought by somebody, and this is a valuable contact with the "outside world." Many volunteers on delivery duty stay to visit while the elderly people eat. Numerous churches throughout the country are actively involved in meals-on-wheels programs, and some of the programs are operated by church-sponsored retirement homes, with residents doing the delivering.

Elderly people who live alone are always haunted by the thought that they may fall, or be taken suddenly ill, and not be able to call for help. Many communities answer this fear by telephone calls at a specified hour every day. Many a life has been saved when an elderly client has failed to answer a call and an emergency unit was sent to the rescue. The cost of providing such a daily telephone service is small, and it can utilize volunteers of any age. Another kind of telephone service is available to elderly people in Davenport, Iowa. That is dial-a-listener, which gives them a number to call if they just want to talk to somebody.

Friendly visiting is something members of church congregations have done throughout the church's history, but in many of today's congregations it has almost vanished. If it still existed, perhaps it would not be necessary for so many community agencies to maintain programs in which volunteers visit homebound people on a regular schedule.

Many elderly people don't know how much help is available in their communities, and there is a real need for outreach programs to tell them. The best outreach volunteers are other elderly people. In some communities they are paid for their time and service. Other communities only pay their expenses.

Another source of information about community services should be the church, but as people get older, active church participation becomes harder and harder. Getting back and forth to the church isn't the only problem. Older churches often have steep steps, a problem for the elderly any time and dangerous outside in bad weather. Some older people are afraid to sit in drafts from open windows or overenthusiastic air conditioning, yet they don't think it is proper to get up and move during the worship service. Others can't hear the preacher unless the church provides special amplifying earphones. Many a woman has been embarrassed when she discovers that the cost of being active in the Women's Society is more than she can meet on a retirement budget. And numerous elderly people feel that the church has changed beyond recognition.

Anything that separates the older person from the church is a tragedy because these are the years when religion is likely to mean the most to him, and when he has the greatest need for its comfort and support. This is particularly true if he is ill or unable to get around. All congregations need to develop more creative ways to take the church to people who cannot come to it.

A few years ago my mother had a short stay in the hospital, and her roommate was an elderly woman who was sure that she was going to die. So were the members of the roommate's family, who came in with long faces and stood around her bed crying and shaking their heads. Or they went out into the hall and talked to each other in low voices. The old lady wouldn't eat, and was getting weaker every day. Yet each day Mother heard her doctor tell her that nothing serious was wrong with her and she could go home if she only would eat. Finally my mother stopped one of her sons.

"Your mother thinks she's going to die," she told him, "and if you don't stop acting like you think so, too, she probably will." Without giving him time to protest, she went on: "The doctor says her only problem is that she won't eat. She's given up. Can't you find something to make her feel that she has to get well?"

The next morning the old lady's priest strode into the room and told her cheerfully that she had to hurry up and get out of the hospital. "You know St. Mary's is going to celebrate its 100th anniversary, and you and Mrs. Jones are the only people who can write its history."

The old lady sat up that day, ate her dinner that evening, and was out of the hospital in three days. She had something to live for.

We all need to love and be loved, and we all need to be needed. This may be even more true of older people than it is of their children and grandchildren, and we put too little value on the gift of memory that they can give us. They have seen technology transform the world, have even had a part in it. No other generation will be able to remember how horse-and-buggy living changed into the Space Age. They are unique.

Children, particularly, need the companionship of elderly friends and relatives. Nobody else takes the time to tell them so many stories about the past, and nobody else respects their dignity quite so much, or makes them feel so important and so loved. They respond in kind, and for this response elderly people need them. It reassures them that they are important and gives them a part in the future as well as the past. Some retirement homes in Europe are built next door to schools or other children's institutions, and that makes a lot of sense.

One thing that old people don't need is to be left out of decision-making about their own problems. This is true when a son or daughter, a niece or nephew, tries to tell them what to do, and when they are members of a group whose daily life is to be affected. The residents of one church-sponsored retirement home felt this so strongly that when the home's administrator took another job, they asked the board of directors not to replace him. "We'll do it ourselves," they said. And they are doing it.

Twenty million people—each of them an individual with skills, talents, and the desire to be appreciated. America must not throw them on the junk heap! □

Across the nation—city by city, block by block, house by house—Americans by the millions face the problems of retirement and aging. Adjustments must be attempted, and many of our older people are meeting the challenge successfully, but—

Not With Folded Hands

By Herman B. Teeter
Associate Editor, *Together*

A RETIRED farmer sits alone in his comfortable home on a side street in a populous city. As he thinks of things that used to be, his eyes stray often toward a full-color aerial photograph of a prosperous Midwestern farm. The farm, to which he gave most of his working life, no longer belongs to him.

On an Ozark hillside overlooking a tumbling, spring-fed stream, a widow sits at her typewriter. She is working on a news feature about people and things in a little resort town that died years ago. Recently recovered from an eye operation, she has learned how to win her desperate fight against loneliness.

In Florida, a talented artist closes—for the last time—the door to his dream house.

Day after day, the much-honored pastor emeritus of a Michigan church fishes an isolated river. Age has not diminished his love of the wilderness that surrounds him, nor has it lessened his fight to preserve it.

In Mission, Texas, a few years ago, a retired schoolteacher declared: "If this is the way the remainder of my life is going to be, who wants it?" In almost constant pain and severely crippled by arthritis, she finally adjusted her life to a useful activity, one within the limits of her capabilities.

In Los Angeles, an 84-year-old woman poured out her loneliness and despair in a letter to a newspaper. "All alone, see no one," she wrote. "Hear no one talk. Oh, dear God, help me . . . So lonely, very, very much."

A retired insurance executive in Illinois is devoting much of his time to helping others avoid the same "retirement shock" that he experienced. Now 77, he may be busier than ever before in his life.

Almost a score of persons, aged 65 to 88, have told me their stories in recent weeks. In many of them one finds elements of tragedy, loneliness, and uncertainty; but just as often there is courage, faith, and a philosophical adjustment to the inevitable process of aging. Some cling to fragments of earlier years; others have broken almost completely with the past.

None has accepted aging with folded hands.

The artist who reluctantly gave up his Florida dream home is Floyd A. Johnson, a retired commercial artist, painter, newspaper and magazine illustrator, *Together*'s former art director. At 70, Mr. Johnson has some blunt advice for those who are planning retirement. "At first," he says, "I wanted a big house. I wanted palm trees, a circular driveway, a large patio, lots of tropical shrubs, orange trees, and the like. Well, I bought it.

"The first year, I got stiff and sore from all the work and wondered what had happened to the nimble farm boy who became a professional man. I thought the stiffness and soreness would wear off. It didn't. I saw a doctor who advised me to slow down. There went my hopes of being my own planter, carpenter, house painter, gardener, repairman. My advice to any elderly person is to take it easy after a lifetime of hard work. Get a hobby, play golf or shuffleboard, walk, and be happy. I am fortunate to have a built-in hobby—my art."

Last February Mr. Johnson and his wife Mildred moved into a condominium area especially designed for retired people. "We are going to love this kind of life," says Mrs. Johnson. "This is the way old people should live."

Yes, says her husband, their house and yard were as beautiful as they had dreamed they would be. But entirely too much work was involved. "Since I came to Florida," he says, "it seems that I was busier than ever; so much to do and too tired to do it."

The retired farmer living on the city side street is Cletus Kocher, 67, a man who isn't yet ready to wash the land from his hands. With the money he received from the sale of his model farm he bought 378 acres of land 75 miles away from where he now lives in Naperville, Ill. He is renting it to a dairy farmer and finds it difficult to resist the daily temptation to drive out and walk over his black soil again. In good-weather months, he keeps busy hauling commercial fertilizer, for he is not yet an old man. But when he has nothing to do, he paces the floor of his suburban home, feeling the loneliness and restlessness of a man who has worked hard for more than 50 years.

"When that happens, I go out and look around and talk to somebody. I take part in farm and community affairs. And I visit a lot with my old friend Arnold Ehrhart."

Arnold Ehrhart is 72, a big man with powerful hands

He and Mr. Kocher owned neighboring farms, were friends, and now live in retirement within a stone's throw of each other. Mr. Ehrhart is a bachelor; Mr. Kocher reared a large family, is a widower whose retirement years are made brighter by his children and grandchildren. But a great deal of the energy that sometimes compelled Mr. Kocher to plow all night remains, and he uses some of it to work in his basement shop where he builds exquisite little dollhouse chairs.

Both men realize the importance of old friends, of shared memories. One day last February the two drove to Poplar Grove, a small farming community near Rockford, Ill., first to visit the Kocher farm, then to drop in on 88-year-old Oscar H. Stenerson, another retired farmer. For a long time the three sat and talked, joking and laughing.

"Well," said Mr. Ehrhart, "I sometimes miss farm life. But I don't miss getting up at five o'clock every morning, or crawling out of bed at midnight to take care of a sick hog in a howling blizzard."

Mr. and Mrs. Stenerson have been married 61 years, and the elderly man credits his wife with keeping him so well preserved. "You might not believe it," she said, "but he has been a patient at the Mayo Clinic about 33 times in the past 60 years." Mr. Stenerson explained that he had a stomach ailment which had required several operations. "I had another upset two or three months ago and thought I was a real gone goose that time," he said.

The old man's hearty laugh boomed out when someone said: "He didn't realize he was getting old until last year when they wouldn't give him another driver's license." And again when someone else added: "Well, for a man who has been an invalid all his life, you aren't doing too bad!"

There is something majestic in very old men who remain gnarled and oak-strong well into their 80s and 90s; there is a certain look in their eyes and history is in the character lines that etch their faces. I first saw this long ago when, as a very young newspaperman, I talked to three Civil War veterans in a Confederate home. Here were men who had seen the carnage at Shiloh and Lookout Mountain; one had stood near Lee—"close enough to reach out and touch him"—another who, after the war, had walked 500 miles without shoes to reach home and take up life again.

As I left the Confederate veterans that afternoon, each reached out to shake my hand, and each held on as if reluctant to see me go. I know now that these were lonely men, once proud men who for a few hours no longer felt forgotten and cast aside.

At the foot of the Ozark hill below Mrs. Bobbie Kennard's cottage, one of the world's finest lithia springs pours thousands of gallons of water an hour into the rushing stream. The few people who know about this abundance of pure mineral water are mostly elderly people who bring their jugs and tanks from as far away as Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri. They recall the grand days before the beautiful little mountain spa of Sulphur Springs, Ark., became a virtual ghost town.

Beyond the spring and the creek lies the broad, empty park with its stately trees, its row of springhouses that provide four different types of mineral water. But adjoining the park are the sad ruins of the town. No children are in sight. Only a few oldsters walk slowly past the boarded-up bank building, the vacant newspaper office, the ruins of once busy restaurants, stores, and barbershops. The railroad depot, an architectural gem in its day, stands desolate on the brick platform where thousands of tourists alighted from crowded excursion trains 50 and more years ago.

All this Mrs. Kennard can see from her cottage. The two tourist cabins she and her late husband managed are seldom occupied these days. She, like perhaps half of the town's 400 remaining residents, is a widow. And she—in a lonely town inhabited, one would suspect, by lonely people—has known the meaning of loneliness.

But no longer. "I have learned that no disease in the world is more terrible than loneliness," she said. "When I decided to do something about it, my little home became something like Grand Central Station. For all who come there's a coffeepot going and a chicken in the oven."

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Kennard began concentrating on gathering news and features in a town where little seems to be going on. Because she is an energetic, intelligent woman, she has been successful in finding and selling many of her stories.

Time and again, as I talked to aging people, the subject of grief and uncertainty after the loss of a husband or wife came up in the conversation. Mrs. Hilda Reif—a bright, sprightly woman of 67—was stunned by the sudden death of her husband a year ago. Now she lives alone in a large house on a valuable site in a Chicago suburb. Her children have suggested that she sell the property but, like so many others, she does not want to leave the old home place.

"My husband built this house for us, and there are too many memories here to leave behind," she declares.

It is something to come back to when she travels—and travel she will, often earning extra money and "getting some needed exercise" by working at a nearby motel. Now she is planning her fifth transatlantic jet flight in almost as many years. She enjoys visiting her cousins and an uncle in Austria where she was born. Her six children and her many grandchildren live not far away. There are books everywhere in the house, and toys awaiting the frequent visits of her grandchildren.

The careers of no two persons could be more unlike than those of Wirt Barnitz, Gettysburg, Pa., and the Rev. Karl Hammar of Escanaba, Mich. Yet, in their old age, no two could be closer in one absorbing retirement interest—nature.

Mr. Barnitz, 84, was an adventurer, explorer, editor, writer, lecturer, and pioneer radio commentator. Before the United States entered World War I, he was a special correspondent for the old *New York World* in the central empires of Europe. He traveled twice in Lapland on surveys for future exploration of the far northern tundra. Years ago he founded the Nomad organization for world peace. The idea was as good then as it is today—promotion of world peace through human contacts in travel.

Now, with a small annuity, he resides in a motel not far from Gettysburg's great Civil War battlefield. In the past he has spent many summers in a cottage retreat "well off a main highway and at the end of a winding

lane . . . shaded by ancient oaks and maples, atop a little hill that falls away to the river."

One wonders why, with a lifetime of adventurous memories, Mr. Barnitz would have the particular one he describes in *The Blessed Gift of Memory* [page 40]. But such are the ways of memory.

Mr. Hammar entered the ministry almost 50 years ago, served Central United Methodist in Escanaba for 33 years before retirement in 1964. From May 1 into December, he spends most of his time in a wilderness cabin on a river 21 miles northwest of Escanaba. He still preaches—"too often," he says—and has "found" many sermons in the river where he often fishes.

"One morning I was fishing just as the sun rose," Mr. Hammar recalls. "I had hooked a trout, and as I brought him in, I heard clear as a tinkling of a bell, 'There's an angel in the pool.' Call it what you will, I heard the voice. The next Sunday I preached on John 5:4: 'For an angel of the Lord went down at certain seasons into the pool, and troubled the water: . . .'

"Again, one winter's day, I sat on a hillside looking for white-tailed deer. I saw a bulrush swaying in the wind. The next Sunday I preached on Luke 7:24: 'What did you go out in the wilderness to behold? A reed shaken by the wind?' I have found many sermons that way. Did not our Lord do likewise?"

Last July, the mayor of Escanaba proclaimed a Karl J. Hammar Day, and greetings came from many dignitaries including President Nixon. An Escanaba newspaper editorialized: "Trout fishermen are said to have special affinities for nature and nature's God, and the Rev. Hammar is no exception. Long before it was popular to view environmental health as a cause, Karl Hammar was warning citizens and government that they have the responsibility to preserve, if not improve, the world with which God has favored us . . . He is forceful, eloquent, deeply and lovingly dedicated."

Mr. Hammar spent two summers alone after his first wife's death. Now remarried, he says: "Of course I missed her, and going into the cabin the first time alone wasn't an easy thing. But who can remain lonely for long in the great outdoors?"

To which Mr. Barnitz, a bachelor, heartily agrees. He believes one should live as actively as possible in the natural world around him. "Go into the country as often as you can," he advises. "Mingle and travel. Enjoy the night sky above you.

"At 84, my health remains good. I believe in moderation in all things. Eat a good breakfast, a light lunch, a big, early dinner. Drink plenty of milk. Eat lean meat. No fried victuals. One egg a day. Plenty of green salads and vegetables. Walk. Also rock in a rocking chair!

"I have never allowed worry or anxiety to grip me. My faith in God has always sustained me. The older I grow, the more I feel his presence. Let your faith grow stronger as you grow older. Build closer relations with the young. Never lose your sense of humor, and hold on to love in its largest sense."

Holding on to love, as well as a sense of humor, are the Lovells of Vermont who live eight months of the year in Florida but return each summer to reopen a family lakeside camp in their native state. In this way, year after year, they are reunited with their grandchildren, their four daughters, and with other relatives, and friends.

"I suppose we are built-in baby-sitters," says Mrs. Frances Lovell, "but, after all, summer is for grandchildren! Being separated from our children and grandchildren is one of the most difficult annual adjustments we have had to make in retirement. My husband is 82, I am 75, and we find that filling the long days is not difficult because we have our own special interests."

Mrs. Freddie Milam Saunders, the retired Texas teacher, was tortured for years by arthritis. Now she finds herself greatly improved though she is unable to explain just how this happened. "People, without knowing I was having problems, kept asking me to do things. And I know now that I kept on doing whatever I could manage because to feel needed was balm for my damaged sense of worth."

Mrs. Saunders found that she could serve others in many ways by using the telephone in behalf of worthwhile causes. "And if things get bad again," she says, "I'll know what to do: find some competency that is left—even one talent—and use it."

Arthur Weed retired in 1959. Thirteen years later he is engrossed in a "second career" devoted almost entirely to other elderly people. He is executive director of a senior center serving several communities with headquarters in Wilmette, Ill., spends two days a week working with the mayor's office for senior citizens in Chicago, and is cochairman with Mrs. Weed of the committee on senior members at Covenant United Methodist Church in Evanston, Ill.

"Most people start much too late to think about retirement," he says. "Many of these will experience 'retirement shock' when that time comes. I know. I went through it myself."

In his talks to preretirement groups in a number of large business houses and industries, Mr. Weed emphasizes several questions one should ask himself, including the big one: Am I really ready to retire? Among others:

Will I be able to maintain a satisfactory standard of living?

What am I going to do with myself during all that free time? (Even the most engrossing hobby, followed full time can become boring.)

Do I have a doctor? What does he say about my physical and mental condition? Am I a likely candidate for senility unless proper steps are taken?

Will I move away? (Seventy percent of retirees remain in their own communities, but there are good reasons for some to move to other parts of the country.)

Have I made a will? (If so, I should check it against the laws of the state into which I move.)

Should I travel? (By all means, says Mr. Weed, if at all possible. Of course it costs money, but it also costs money to stay at home.)

Among other questions are those involving adult education—learning something new in order to stay mentally alert and physically active.

In that regard, the Rev. Charles Peckham, minister at the Otterbein Home for elderly people in Lebanon, Ohio, has this to say: "We have individuals here with reasonable health who are very active and creative even at 90 . . . One lady in her mid-90s is learning new math."

Dr. Peckham received his doctor's degree in the field

of aging at the University of Cincinnati. In his studies he found that older people associate less with co-workers and more with friends and relatives. He thinks that more churches should form groups to provide some of the needed services for older people, just as the church committee led by Mr. Weed and his wife Florence is doing.

As I heard the stories of more and more retired persons, I was impressed by the fact that so few of them in their 60s and 70s actually seem old. The women dress in bright colors and take pains to remain well groomed and attractive. Many of the men have stayed active, vigorous, and interested in the world around them.

Inevitably, however, those who live to be very old will deeply feel the need of support and attention from others. Nothing helps older persons as much as the fact that others have need of them and are willing to trust them to do things. They need love and kindness, and a feeling of worth, more than at any other time in life.

There are other factors in longevity, of course. One often stressed is the genetic legacy left to all of us.

One example is Dale Taylor, 68, who looks 20 years younger than his calendar years. Not only does he look young, he continues to do a young man's work as manager for the owners of a 40-apartment complex. He is always about, shoveling snow, trimming trees, mowing lawns, doing maintenance work, listening to the complaints and problems of the tenants.

When he retired three years ago, Mr. Taylor had completed 43 years as an electrical engineer with one of the nation's large utilities. Much of his work involved supervising crews who covered the countryside to obtain rights-of-way for thousands of miles of transmission lines.

"During many of those years I would often stay awake at night struggling with one complicated problem or another. But no longer. The more I work, the better I sleep. For me, retirement has meant trading mental fatigue for physical fatigue."

Most who have lived long lives—at least those I talked to—have had one or both parents who lived into their 80s. Dale Taylor's mother and father died at 80; his grandparents at 90. When he went to his doctor recently for a physical examination, the physician pronounced him in splendid physical condition—"good for at least another 20 years."

Mr. Taylor, half joking, replied that this was due "to the good clean life I have been living."

The doctor looked his patient in the eye.

"The devil you say! You can thank your ancestors." □

The Blessed Gift of Memory

ONE BRIGHT June day, some 20 years ago, I was making my way across the Pennsylvania countryside on one of my desultory rambles when I came upon an ancient log farmhouse. I had heard that it was somewhere in the region, but had never looked for it.

An old, whitewashed picket fence with weeds piling up on its outer side surrounded one of the prettiest olden-time gardens I have ever come upon. It was as it had been, no doubt, for a century or more. The same flowers had bloomed there season after season, the perennials faithfully following a pattern of reincarnation. Here and there, for variety, a few annuals bloomed.

Along one side of the rickety house there were sweet-smelling shrubs, towering hollyhocks, the rose of Sharon, honesty flowers, larkspur, snapdragons and bleeding hearts, while over the front door on a trellis hung a snowy clematis vine. Filling the yard with a profusion of brilliant color were many other lovelies our great-great-grandmothers doted upon and tended so carefully.

The lazy hum and buzzing of bees lent a sleepy air to this garden of another age. I had suddenly stepped into the world of another generation when hoopskirts and lace adornments were the fashion. It was so pleasant to sit there and dream of the olden time.

Perhaps something had troubled me that day. If so, it may have been the fact that even then I was in my mid-sixties with most of an active life behind me.

Now that I am almost 85, I can revisit that old-time garden in memory, reliving in vivid detail my visit to that quiet refuge. What a blessed gift is memory which enables us to see in form and color people and things of long ago!

That day, squirrels scurried about in the branches of a sycamore tree; and on one of its boughs above my head a robin nested. Quietly a hummingbird helped itself to nectar from the reddish flowers of a trumpet vine that covered part of an old grape arbor.

The distant ringing of a farm bell, summoning field hands to supper, interrupted my reverie. Returning, my path was through a secluded part of the forest. Very likely no other human—other than the unknown person who came occasionally to tend the old-time garden with tender and loving care—had passed that way for a long time. When I approached my cottage, jenny wren merrily greeted me; and as I jotted down the 23 different kinds of birds I'd met with on my afternoon ramble, she continued her serenade.

How pleasant, how unforgettable, it had been that afternoon to be removed from the turbulence of our troubled world, and to have lived once again so intimately with old Mother Nature in another.

—Wirt Barnitz

The pat or kiss that heals a child's hurts is equally comforting to the old.

The Power of a Gentle Touch

By Frances Fowler Allen

ALMOST EVERYBODY cuddles babies. Few people willingly touch the old, yet they need it so desperately. Long after sight, hearing, speech, mental faculties are lost or impaired, the sense of touch remains.

Touch seems the first of the senses to awaken; the last to die. The newborn baby touches his mother's breast with grasping mouth, little kneading hands. Later he explores, by touch, his own nose, his mouth, his blanket, all of his world that he can reach. The little child is comforted by touch—the pat and kiss "makes it well" when he's hurt, the clasp of loving arms when thunder roars, steadying grown-up hands when he first totters across a room.

Likewise to the old, returned to childhood, touch is sometimes all that is left of the outside world. When our family doctor visited my mother in her last illness, she was showing no sign of consciousness. He lifted her limp hand, placed it upon his vital one upon the bed. Gently he called her name. "If you know me," he said, "just press my hand." Awed, I saw her fingers flutter as she obeyed. Later I tried this myself, astounded at the strong grasp from my mother whom I had thought was beyond all human response.

In spite of their exaggerations, perhaps "sensitivity groups" have something. And family and friends feel a real spirit of communication when they join hands to say grace about the table or sing a song. A vital spark seems to pass from hand to hand.

In stories of Jesus' healing miracles, how often touch is highlighted! He touched the hand of Peter's mother-in-law, and the fever left her (Matthew 8:14, 15). He took the daughter of Jairus by the hand, saying, "Child, arise," and her spirit returned (Luke 8:54, 55). Then there was the leper, obliged by law to ring a bell if he came into the crowded city so no one by accident should touch him. Desperate hope brought him to kneel before Christ saying, "Lord, if you will, you can make me clean." Then Jesus "stretched out his hand and touched him"—the untouchable!—saying, "I will; be clean" (Matthew 8:2, 3).

If touching is so important, why don't we more often touch the old and lonely? Let's face it, many old people are physically unattractive. Old hands are thin and claw-like, wrinkled skin unappealing, old eyes watery. Sparse hair thinly covering a freckled scalp is not a crown of glory! Younger people have to overcome some repulsion. However, it can be done.

Martha was a practical nurse in a nursing home for old people, a middle-aged, overworked, gruff, no-nonsense person. Many of the other nurses were more highly trained in professional skills. Yet when Martha plodded around the wards on her tired flat feet, trembling old arms were held out to her, faces upturned to her worn homely face, quavering voices called, "Martha! Martha!" And she, knowing the heart-hunger, the cold, the loneliness of the old, was lavish with her touch. Usually she only patted a cheek or pushed the hair back from a forehead, but sometimes she sensed a special need and gave a real hug. Also, she praised, seeming to find something to admire in the unlovely. "Martha told me I had pretty arms when she gave me my bath today," a once-beautiful woman confessed shyly. "I . . . appreciated that. Nowadays" (wryly she looked down on her half-paralyzed body), "I don't get many compliments."

I was making many visits to Martha's nursing home because my mother was living (if you can call it that) there. I dreaded the visits more than words can tell. To me the nursing home seemed a quiet Dante's *Inferno*. All afternoon the more able-bodied old people sat, vacant eyed, in the stifling heat of the living room where a television set turned loud for failing ears blasted constantly, and canned TV laughter cackled.

The moment I arrived on one especially low Sunday, Mrs. Baxter, who thought the nursing home was her family home, assailed me: "I simply cannot ask you to stay to dinner. My staff isn't prepared for so many. This is *my* house my dear father left me. I'll call the police and have you evicted."

I avoided looking at toothless Mr. Dunn, whose cheerfulness made me angry. I strode past Mr. Barnes in his wheelchair, his slipping blanket revealing amputated legs, past Mrs. Canby rocking and nursing her rag doll and Mrs. Scott who could not speak without swearing. I shut my ears while passing the room where an old German lady lay all day crooning to herself in the language of her childhood, occasionally calling out: "Vasser! Vasser!" I was repelled by all of them. I prayed to feel differently.

The following week I read somewhere: "We must carry our crosses, not just drag them along." Could this apply to my Sunday-afternoon nightmares? Should I try Martha's method, the method of a greater one than Martha, the power of a gentle touch?

The following Sunday, feeling foolish, I made my way

around the living room circle, greeting each one, shaking hands. The response shook me to the soul. Eyes I had thought dull as marbles kindled, wrinkled hands returned my clasp. Week after week, as I repeated the little ceremony, I learned to care for my old folks. I also learned whatever I *said* to them mattered little. They wanted someone to touch their hands, look into their eyes, greet them by name. Those whom I had thought speechless—even the irrational ones—responded.

Mrs. Baxter decided to give a dinner party for all these strangers in her home, rather than call the police. She would use her best silver, she promised. Mr. Barnes reminisced about the days he had two good legs and was a roofer, up high in the sunshine.

When I admired her crocheted apron, Mrs. Scott told me without a single cussword, "Time was when I did a lot of fancywork, but then I lost my father and husband and my little girl all in one year; seems like I couldn't take up my needle again." Toothless Mr. Dunn informed me he was 90. "My sons brought me here to die two years ago. I fooled 'em and got well. Ever since I keep spry by helping nurses tote the trays, and bringing her in that little room a cup of cold water."

At last one Sunday I passed that little room. Winter dusk was falling, the lights had not yet been turned on. It was the saddest time of day. The old woman looked so small and flat under the gray blanket. Her large dark eyes seemed to follow me. Was she trying to say something? On impulse I went in, bent over her. "Vasser?" I asked. Her hand, brown-flecked, dry as a dead leaf, lay palm up on the blanket. I took it in both my own. It was cold. She looked up, recognition in eyes I'd always thought so vacant. "Nein," she said. Then she continued in English. Perhaps for all of us she voiced our deepest need. "I'm lonesome. Just hold my hand." The gentle touch! □

Nurses treat him as a baby, but he remains a man of dignity and accomplishment.

'GEORGIE'

By Robert H. Adams, Jr.
Pastor, Kenwood United Methodist Church
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HAVE YOU ever visited a home for the aged? There are, of course, all kinds. Some are very fine places indeed, populated by older persons who are quite independent and still have their health. A few are poor, fly-by-night establishments operated by people in it for the money. Fortunately, society is cracking down on such places.

Between the two extremes are the great majority of homes—reasonably well-managed places, offering a variety of services and care for people whose health ranges from good to very bad.

My grandfather lives in such a home and we visit him there. His health is poor. He is confined most of the time to a rocking chair or to his bed. He cannot see and has become senile. Much of his time is spent in hidden thoughts and dreams. Yet, gleams of wit sometimes show in his mumbled remarks, and he has won the special affection of the nurses who care for him. But theirs is a defensive affection that does not really want to know much about him or get too involved.

They call him "Georgie" and treat him like a child because to them he acts and talks like a child. And if they regard him as a child, they do not have to face the fact that he is an adult, a man with a history, a person in a stage of life into which many of us, in these days of long lives and Medicare, are called to go.

So they call him "Georgie"—a name shocking and offensive to my ears because I know him as a man, and to me he is not a child.

To me he is the man who never went to high school but who became an assistant to Thomas Edison and chief engineer of Edison's rotary-kiln, portland-cement plant in New Jersey's limestone hills. He achieved this by working long day shifts in a mill and taking correspondence courses at night. He did it by scrimping and saving and struggling in what now would be defined as poverty until he had won his degree in mechanical engineering from correspondence training and had shown sufficient talent to win a place on Edison's staff.

To me he is the hardworking, rugged father of my father and his three brothers—the grandfather who was horrified when, as a tiny boy, I called him "Grandpaw." "I don't want anybody calling me 'Grandpaw,'" he snapped. So we called him "Pap." Nobody ever called him "Georgie"—not to my knowledge.

To me he is the man who had a whole clutch of patents to his name. He first devised the self-unloading, bulk-cement railway car. Such cars are as common as boxcars these days, but during the Depression he sold that patent to a railroad company for a few hundred dollars. To me he is the man who devised hedge clippers out of an old electric fan and made gadgets of all sorts that fascinated me as boy and man. Once, shaken by the sight of a World War II veteran whose hand had been replaced by an ugly hook, he devised a mechanical hand, realistic in looks and operation, and gave it without recompense or credit to the Pentagon. Refined and developed, it was given to many men who have met the same misfortune.

To me he is the man who sat out on the back steps

of his house on summer nights, looking for shooting stars with his teen-age grandson, and arguing the existence of God and the meaning of a man's life. To me he is the man who tenderly cultivated flowers in his small backyard, and gave love and affection to his big white dog Duke, and took his grandchildren to the old Glendon Iron Works, and the pretzel factory, and the carbarns, and other delectable places. To me he is the man who took up golf at the age of 50, and played well enough to win an amateur tournament or two. He tried the piano after he was 60, and in time was able to play Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* without looking at the music.

To me he was George H. Adams, Sr., mechanical engineer, sportsman, musician, inventor, grandfather, a man who devised and wondered and cogitated and thought and acted and explored. Not "Georgie." Never "Georgie"!

What of him now—this old man in the rocker who sits and stares, and dozes and dreams and mumbles, who needs care like a baby needs care, and who is affectionately regarded as "Georgie" by the young and middle-aged women who work in his nursing home? Is George H. Adams, Sr., the mechanical engineer, former member of Edison's staff, golfer, musician, grandfather, still there? Or is that personality all gone, replaced by the sad relic whom the nurses regard as a baby?

This is a hard question to answer, and many would say what common sense seems to dictate: it's all gone. The deterioration of blood circulation and tissue and central nervous system—the whole mysterious phenomenon of aging—has eliminated the personality of years ago. It is forever gone. The logical conclusion is, of course, that when this aged body finally ceases to function altogether, then even this remnant of a personality will forever vanish. Underlying all this is the assumption, unproved and perhaps unprovable, that personality is a function of the physical organism and when the organism dies, the person dies with it, and is no more.

One must make his own assumptions and live with truth as he understands it. My own conviction is that hidden by the aged and deteriorated organism, the personality of George H. Adams, Sr., remains intact. He is there in the same way Walter Cronkite is "there" even when my aged, worn-out TV set can no longer project a clear picture of Walter Cronkite to me. George Adams's body, like a worn-out TV set, no longer "broadcasts a clear signal"; it no longer projects George Adams to the world. But George Adams is still there, intact, real, alive.

I don't say this only as an act of blind wishful thinking. I think I have evidence for it. When I talk to my grandfather, I talk to him about things that were meaningful to him back in the days when the world thought of him as George Adams and not just "Georgie." I talk to him about Edison, and about golf, and music, and his family, and his friends. And out of the hidden depths of his person comes response—recognition, smiles, nods, mumbled words communicating ideas to me. The communication is poor, the signal often unclear, the picture fuzzy; but that is, I am convinced, the fault of the "set," the body, not the fault of the person. George Adams, the person, remains intact behind the deterioration of his body; and when the body finally ceases to function, and is tenderly laid in the ground to become part of the elements of the earth again, George Adams will remain.

I find no affront to reason, and much meaning, in the idea that this life is like life in the womb—it is a stage in existence, not *all* of it. If a baby in the womb could reason, after all, he would find little evidence within the world as he knows it that he could survive the experience of birth. And the development of life beyond birth into what we know as mature manhood would simply be inconceivable to him.

My major concern here, however, is not a defense of life after the death of the body. It *is* a defense of George H. Adams, Sr., and others like him. The aged and senile, who often act like infants but are *not infants,* ought to be treated by their families and the professionals who care for them as *persons*—persons with a lifetime of living and experiencing and loving and suffering and accomplishing behind them. It is a proposal that such people as my grandfather not be called by names like "Georgie" but by their real names which communicate, not paternalistic (or maternalistic) babying but honor and respect. One does not, after all, inscribe "Georgie" on the grave marker but the full name of the human being who once dwelt in this body now respectfully laid to rest.

We owe those whose bodies are wearing out and need professional care two things. We owe them *care*—and by this I mean love and attention and concern, efforts at keeping the channels as open as possible for them to communicate. And we owe them *respect*—the honor implied in the Christian teaching of love, the recognition of the years of sheer living which has produced this person.

"Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me." □

✣ ✣ ✣

SKYLIGHT

"Would you like the shades pulled down?"
"Granny, is the light too bright?"
"No! No! let me see right out,
Whether day or whether night."

"Since I was a little girl,
I have known within my heart,
A body's never real shut in,
If the curtains are apart."

Neighbors came with pies and tears,
Big men filled the house with gloom;
Lights were burning where she lay,
Shades were lowered in her room.

Well—I came back from the hill,
Wondering—can she see the sky?
Walked slow-footed to her house—
Every shade was roller-high.

—Ralph W. Seager

Contrary to Popular Opinion, a Minister Is Human!

A MINISTER wasn't always a minister. What was he then? At one time he was a baby. He cried, slobbered his food, and dirtied his diapers. And he learned to walk and talk.

He was a boy at one time. He liked to play baseball and carry frogs in his pocket. He liked to tease girls and pull their pigtails. He scoffed at the idea that he would ever really like a girl. He liked to play hooky from school and go swimming and explore old caves.

He developed from a boy into a teen-ager. He liked to tinker with old cars and stay out late just talking with the guys. He played basketball and football and liked to take a good-looking girl to dances and sometimes sneak a good-night kiss at a favorite parking spot. He had frustrations over school, girls, parents, and just growing up.

A minister wasn't always a minister. What was he then? Once he was a young man in college, trying to figure out life's problems. He also pondered his future. Did he really want to be a minister? Did God really call him? He dated steadily and debated in his mind the pros and cons of premarital sex. He had a young man's urges and desires. He chose a woman to be his helpmate in life.

He attended seminary and came to grips with his beliefs. He studied theology and the Bible. He learned to deal with people and their problems. He worked in a church part time gaining valuable experience. He had the same problems all new husbands face, compounded by the fact that his wife was the breadwinner while he was in seminary. He learned a lot in those years.

He is a husband and father. He has a wife and family to support. He gives his family love. He still likes to take his wife on dates and be alone with her. He plays with the children and takes them to the zoo. He comforts his wife when she gets upset or depressed. He isn't always there when she needs him, but he tries. The church keeps him busy and sometimes cuts into the time he would like to spend with his family.

A minister wasn't always a minister, but he is now. He preaches the Word of God and tries to explain God's message to his people. He visits the sick and needy. He listens to the hypocrites and the self-righteous. He performs marriages and funerals—sometimes both on the same day. His work is in the church.

A minister was a baby, a boy, a teen-ager, a young man, a husband, and a father before he was a minister. But most of all he is human. How do I know? I married one!

—*Pamela Good Murphy*

Letters

BECOMING A CHRISTIAN CHANGES VISION, NOT RIGHTS

Referring to *Housing: A Time for Honesty* [April, page 22], what you have called "a perfect right to decide" is just as perfect for a Christian as for anyone else, and under *any* circumstances.

Becoming a Christian cannot rob anyone of a "perfect right" which he had before; but it should give him a clearer vision of the inevitable spiritual consequences, to himself as well as to others, of selfish acts and attitudes. Fundamentally, freedom of choice in making decisions cannot be taken from anyone, and it must not be confused with *rights*, perfect or otherwise.

Please help readers to think clearly about rights, privileges, and freedom, as well as about responsibilities and obligations. In the interest of accurate understanding, our words must convey our thoughts correctly.

CHAUNCEY D. HOLMES
Prof. Emeritus, University of Missouri
Tully, N.Y.

IN TIMES OF CONFLICT MAMMON IS OUR CHOICE

Your March and April Viewpoints —*Inflation Is a Christian Concern* and *Housing: A Time for Honesty* —are two of your best. Especially in the housing piece, your choice of references to Bible passages from James and Mark were two of my favorites. Then your allusion to "unless he is a Christian"—that is the crux of the whole thing.

In Charles Reich's book *The Greening of America*, he uses the term schizophrenia in relating to the "nice" churchy American middle class. This is right. We do have a split personality. But alas and alack, most of us "nice" people, when we do have a conflict of interest to serve God or mammon, we generally serve mammon: "After all, I've earned the right to live here and this is *my* neighborhood." We rationalize and try to make middle class and some emasculated brand of Christianity our goal. Then when we achieve this, we open the box (success?) and there is nothing there.

Maybe more sermons should be preached using the hard-nosed texts of James, John, Matthew, and the rest.

Just a reminder: United Methodists have a Social Creed. I wonder how many in any given congregation really know what it says. Two sentences from "Our Theological Basis" in the creed hit me between the eyes: "Jesus taught us to love our neighbors and seek justice for them as well as for ourselves. To be silent in the face of need, injustice, and exploitation is to deny him."

I trust that the 1972 General Conference will not touch this part of the Social Creed!

ROBERT KEOSIAN
Hawthorne, N.J.

DO CHURCH FOLK CARE WHAT GOVERNMENT DOES?

Your report of the Ecumenical Witness for peace [see *Churches and War: Where Their Treasure Is . . .* April, page 19] reminded me of a conversation I had three years ago with a minister. I made the statement that I was afraid the American government planned to keep a military force in Indochina for many years. He replied flatly, "The American people would never stand for it."

I wish to God he were right.

We are standing for, in this year of our Lord, 1972, greater and greater reliance on American air power that is the cause of the displacement of some 5 million human beings in South Viet Nam. That is roughly 30 percent of the population of the country we went there to help.

And we are standing for the continuation of a Central Intelligence Agency-financed and trained army of mercenaries that make the nation of Cambodia a battleground with a like percentage of displaced persons. In Laos, the number of refugees is even higher.

I know it annoys us church folk to be told these things. We have a sneaking suspicion that it is our responsibility to stop such carnage. I'd say, "God, forgive us; we don't know what we're doing," but what we are doing is a matter of record, so that won't wash. It seems we don't care what we're doing as long as our comfort is not disturbed.

NANCY HOLLIS DILLARD
Orlando, Fla.

CARTOON REPULSIVE AND BLASPHEMOUS

On page 32 of the March issue is a cartoon which to me was not only repulsive but blasphemous. I am referring to the one in which the small boy is pointing to the portly man.

Could we have screening of such offensive contributions? I am sure many readers will find their reactions the same as mine but may not write, thinking "what's the use?"

MRS. BETTY S. HOWARD
Louisville, Ky.

AFTER A NEGATIVE START, A POSITIVE APPRECIATION

On page 32 of the March issue I was shocked by the first of the four Paul R. Behrens cartoons. There is enough poking fun at religion without finding it in a supposedly inspirational magazine, I felt. Without reading Philip Clark's article, *God Also Laughs*, I put the magazine down, not intending to open it again.

But I found myself thinking of this cartoon and felt sorry for the person who drew it. I prayed for him and began to think of the article which I had not read. So I again opened *Together* and read the article by Mr. Clark. I am so glad I did! It changed my whole view and brought into focus for me a part of a sermon I heard not long ago. The speaker advocated dropping the practice of teaching Bible verses to children because he felt it was a waste of time; they would forget them later on in life, he suggested.

Philip Clark's article is like a testimonial in favor of teaching the Bible truths to children, for after all those years away from the church, look at what he retained from early training in the Scriptures. Not the exact words, but their meanings.

So I do want to express my appreciation for the presentation of both the cartoon which shocked me into reading the article and for Mr. Clark's beautiful confession of faith in his closing paragraphs.

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

I don't know if the Lord was trying to teach me not to be so critical of others or not, but after this I'll not skip over *Together*. I'll put my trust in the editors to see that what is helpful to the church-related family gets printed.

MRS. HAROLD THOMAS
Governeur, N.Y.

NEW CHRISTIAN APPROACH TO INDIANS NEEDED NOW!

The April interview with the Rev. Raymond G. Baines, pointing out the disgraceful treatment American Indians have received —and are still receiving—at the hands of our church, must make every thinking United Methodist bow in shame.

Obviously, it is up to the grass-roots church members to spur our leaders into recognition of our church's failures in dealing with Indians and to insist that a more Christian approach be adopted—now!

I certainly hope that every *Together* subscriber, and certainly every delegate to the 1972 General Conference, will read the April article and that the latter will take some meaningful action—at *this* conference—to correct many of the unconscionable situations which Mr. Baines described.

OTUS ALBRIGHT
Naples, Fla.

MUST ALCOHOL BE ACCEPTED AS PART OF OUR CULTURE?

We should be grateful to men like the Rev. Bob Adams who not only feel empathy for the drinker but do something about it. However, I have to take exception to his statement that drinking "is a part of our culture—always has been, always will be." [See *Concern + Action = Change*, February, page 46.]

For countless centuries raging epidemics of smallpox, measles, malaria, diphtheria, and polio ran amok as part of our culture. But thank God, there came forth courageous truth-seekers who dared challenge tradition and rejected the concept that what has been must continue. Evil never need be inevitable nor acceptable.

It appears that it may be up to the church, not only to help heal the victims of an unsavory social custom but, more important, to get after the basic causes. Ignorance of what alcohol is and what it does, physically and spiritually, to our people is the area where real work needs to be done. The people of our nation are concerned with health. Now if the church leaders can break the conspiracy of silence and ignorance concerning the injurious effects of drinking, we surely will not find it impossible to make headway with discountenancing the serving of liquor as part of our culture.

MRS. RUTH H. POOL
Seattle, Wash.

DRINKING NOT A SIN? RESULTS SEEM OTHERWISE

I disagree very much with a portion of Martha A. Lane's article, *Concern + Action = Change*. As for drinking being a part of our culture, all right, but I cannot see any place in a religious publication for such a statement as the quotation from the Rev. Bob Adams: "I don't see drinking as a sin."

I believe the Bible tells us our body is the holy temple of God and should be treated as such. We are not to do things as to lead our brothers astray.

There are many statistics of the proven results of drinking alcoholic beverages. As a registered nurse I have witnessed many of these terrible results. Who knows when the first drink is taken who will be the alcoholic? I still believe abstinence is the best policy. As Christians following Jesus, who needs alcohol?

MRS. DON TREECE
Paulding, Ohio

OMIT ANYTHING EXCEPT *LETTERS FROM ELSEWHERE*

I sorely miss Herman Teeter's *Letters From Elsewhere* column when it is omitted from a *Together* issue. I feel it is an inspired gem of humor and human values, genially holding up the mirror to human nature along with socioreligious overtones. It is generally clipped from my copies of the magazine to mail to personal friends and to cheer the sick.

If you must omit any report or feature from the monthly publication, let it be any other than this.

GLADYS BLACKMER
New Bedford, Mass.

'BUMPER-STICKER' AUTHOR MISSED THE POINT

Hasn't Glenn E. Pritchard ever heard of the yokels who, several years ago, were screaming that God is dead? The bumper sticker to which Mr. Pritchard objected [see *Bumper-Sticker Christianity*, March, page 41] was in rebuttal to these. Mr. Pritchard or anyone so devoid of humor or insight is to be pitied. He missed the whole point!

I wonder what Mr. Pritchard's image of Jesus is. The anemic, sad-faced man we so often see depicted, or the man with the carpenter's muscle and strong will and personality? He drove the money changers out of the Temple! He liked life and people, too. Wasn't he at a party when he changed the water into wine?

Come alive, Mr. Pritchard. God is as old as time and as modern as tomorrow!

WILLIAM J. FISH
Erdenheim, Pa.

SHOCKED BY REVIEW OF REVOLUTIONARY BOOK

I have been reading your magazine for several years, especially the book reviews. I enjoy reading and feel that if you give a book a good review, it must be a good one to read.

I am absolutely shocked that *If They Come in the Morning* is given such an eloquent review in the March issue [page 59]. It saddens me that a Christian publication would promote a book written in part by Angela Davis, an admitted Communist and revolutionary. She may be a brilliant writer, but Adolf Hitler was brilliant and he wrote a book in prison, too, and used that book as a bible of the nazi revolutionary movement.

The title of your magazine means we should be brought together, not driven apart.

CAROLE A. TORCASO
Danbury, Conn.

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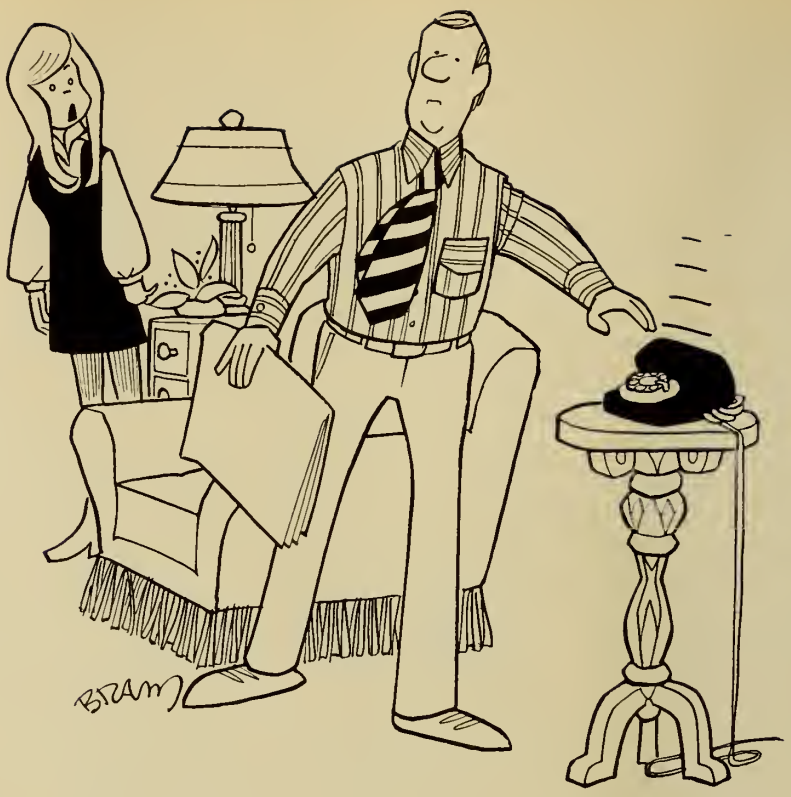
Teens

By DALE WHITE



"If that's Bucky, I'm not here—unless he sounds contrite."

LOOKING back over several years of letters from young people, a clear trend stands out. Young people today are asking the deep, searching questions of the spirit. Many of your letters read:

"I just can't seem to get it all together." "I'm trying to get my head together." "I've got this terrible void inside."

I am coming to feel that our society is ganging up on young people. It is taking away your right to be born again. Traditionally adolescence has been the time for conversion. Young people felt the tangled strands of their lives weave together into a new fabric. They said "Yes!" to life in their own unique way, by saying "Yes!" to Jesus Christ.

It has become uncool today to experience conversion. I meet young people who have made decisions for Jesus Christ which have reshaped their inner lives—but they kept it all secret for fear of ridicule. One young man said, "My folks were uptight when I turned on to drugs. But when I made my decision for Jesus Christ they thought I had spun out for sure. They packed me off to a psychiatrist."

Even in many churches, young people are never invited to make a commitment to Christ. They may study church history and many other important matters in confirmation classes. They may say "Yes!" to their religious heritage at confirmation. But no opportunity is given them to say "Yes!" to Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. No one honors the possibility that the Holy Spirit may break into their lives in vivid and surprising ways.

We are a "head" culture, not a "heart" culture. We value intellectual achievement above all else. We reward young people for dissecting life in the science labs and giving names to its various parts. We do not honor them for their rich dreams and visions of life in its pulsating wholeness.

We are a secular culture. We deny the presence of the Holy so some kids turn to drugs in a vain attempt to find a sense of mystery and meaning.

The Jesus People have moved into the dry vacuum our secularism created. The other day on Martha's Vineyard, the Massachusetts island, they approached us with real zeal. Their witness is electric. Many had been strung out on drugs, their nervous systems blown. In Christ they received their lives all over again. Their gratitude is boundless, their joy contagious.

No one can take away the fact that the Jesus People are turning kids on to Jesus Christ. We cannot deny the power of their witness. But most of our young people are turned off by the rigid fundamentalism of the Jesus People. Their narrow Puritanism seems to deny life. The way they turn their backs on the problems of society and the sufferings of men denies the teachings of Christ himself.

Where is youth evangelism in our churches? Why do we not create the experiences which will encourage youth commitments?

I thought of this at Camp Sumatonga in Alabama some weeks ago. Almost 400 young people gathered for a weekend conference on Christian life-styles. Their worship was joyous and creative. Their celebrations were colorful and moving. Multimedia presentations, drama, and folk music brought the Word in living form.

At the closing service of Holy Communion we invited those who would say "Yes!" to Jesus Christ as their personal Savior to rise. As different ones stood we honored their commitment by serving Communion to them individually. Those around them offered congratulations with a handshake, an embrace, a kiss of peace. Their joy and ours gave witness to the presence of the Spirit in our midst.

As young people today, you see the need to break the inhuman chains of secularism. What is more, you know how to do it. You understand how to express joy in worship. You can teach the church how to celebrate His presence.

Q **I am a 20-year-old, male, college student. My problem lies in the fact that I am an extreme introvert. I**

have never talked to a girl outside of the classroom, let alone been on a date.

Even though I have participated in many extracurricular activities, nothing ever precipitates into a personal interaction. I have concentrated intensely on grooming, spending many hours in front of a mirror.

Playing in a rock group didn't help so I tried to further increase my status by working hard to earn one of the hottest cars around. I know now that this was a foolish thought.

In high school I thought that something would work out with time, but the increasing years have found me becoming desperately lonely. Any advice you could offer will be greatly appreciated.—J.D.

I would suspect that your extreme shyness stems from an emotional hang-up. A good counselor could probably help you to get it all together. Spending your money on external trappings will not do it as you found out. Why not sell that hot car and put the money into a group therapy program? Your dean or campus health service could help you to find out where to get started.

Q&A

My problem is that I think I am a conscientious objector, but nobody in this town is interested in helping me find out. I'm really sick of war, that's for sure. I think we will go the way of the dinosaurs and die under the weight of our own armor if we don't change our ways. I don't have any interest in killing anybody and won't be part of any system where they teach you how to do it. I'll rot in jail before I'll go stalking around with a rifle in my hand.

I heard that to be a conscientious objector you have to say you got that way because of faith in God. But I've always hated violence, while my ideas about God keep on changing. I'm not even sure *what* I believe about God right now. Where can I find out what you have to do to be a C.O.?—B.A.

Write to Dennis Freeman, assistant for draft information in our Division of World Peace. Send your letter to the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the United Methodist Church, 100 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Mr. Freeman will send you a packet of free literature. He can also put you in touch with an experienced draft counselor. His office keeps an up-to-date list of draft counselors and organizations across the country.

Our church supports those who in good conscience choose to serve in the armed services, and those who sincerely object to military service. This is our stand:

"Regarding the duty of the individual Christian, opinions sincerely differ. Faced by the dilemma of participation in military service, he must decide prayerfully before God what is to be his course of action in relation thereto. What the Christian citizen may not do is to obey men rather than God, or overlook the degree of compromise in our best acts, or gloss over the sinfulness of war. The church must hold within its fellowship persons who sincerely differ at this point of critical decision, call all to repentance, mediate to all God's mercy, minister to all in Christ's name."

Q&A

For the past few years the war has been troubling me a lot. Since I'm a girl with no close relatives or friends involved in the war, it's sometimes easy for me to forget about it. But often I wonder just what I would do if I were required to serve in the military. My problem is that I can't decide what is right. I can see two sides of the situation. The way I see it, the whole thing can be summed up as follows:

1. "Thou shalt not kill." Killing a human is wrong under any circumstances, even self-defense. What better way is there to show God's love than by refusing to hurt an enemy, no matter what the cost? Look at the great surge of Christianity that was spurred by the martyrdom of the countless Christians in the years shortly after Christ's death. Christ's own life was a testimony to nonviolence.

2. If you came home one day to find a criminal about to murder your helpless wife and baby, would you try to kill him first? If so, can't war for the sake of saving one's own country and way of life also be justified? I realize that Viet Nam isn't generally considered important to the

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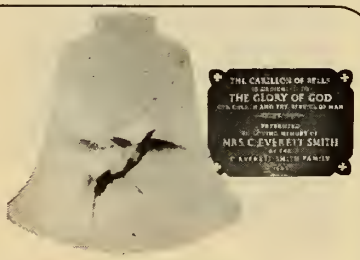

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United States, but there is the viewpoint that communism must be kept from spreading no matter what the cost. Communism would deny us the freedom and privileges for which Americans have fought and died for 200 years. Can we give in and deny our children the right to worship God as they choose, without fear?

I've thought about this for a long time, Dr. White, and am coming to the conclusion that there are some questions that will never be answered until our earthly lives are over. I hope you can help.—B.J.

You have raised important issues about the meaning of Christian love. Is a Christian always and everywhere a pacifist? Is it right to kill even to defend one's life and family? These are very complex matters of conscience. They deserve careful study.

Write to Dennis Freeman at the address given above. Ask him to send you the leaflet *The United Methodist Church and Peace,* and other materials to help you in your study. My own position is very close to the peace statement of our church.

Q&A

I am 13 and in a confirmation class at church. Recently I have been giving a lot of thought to what I am going to have to agree to in order to be confirmed. I am not at all sure that I want to accept Jesus Christ as my Savior—that is, not yet. What would you suggest that I do?—G. H.

I'd say tell your parents and your minister that you are not ready to take such a big step. Tell them you would like to wait for one more year, to gain a little maturity, and think it through for yourself. In our confirmation classes we always expected that several young people would choose to postpone their decisions. We scheduled classes for older youth to give them a chance for more training at a later time.

You might remember, though, that confirmation is one important step in a lifetime of Christian growth. You need not wait until all your questions are answered or all your spiritual struggles are ended. Confirmation can be your decision to continue seeking after truth.

Q&A

I am 18. I've graduated from high school and now am working as a maid at our local hospital. My problem is that when I'm at work I act as if I have no problems. I do this so people don't ask, "What's wrong?" I do have problems.. I hate myself! No matter where or what I'm doing I feel the desire to kill myself. I feel like two people. One is the ideal person. The other, which dominates and seems to go hand in hand with number one, also carries the desire for suicide.

I've lost all desire for new clothes. I've never had the desire to go anywhere. I feel depressed. I don't think my mother knows my problems, and she thinks the way I act is foolish.

Sometimes I want to run away from home and get away from everyone, everything, and myself forever. I don't ever want to grow up because it doesn't interest me. I want to turn off to everything.

I've never or never would use drugs to get high, but I would take drugs once and that would be eternal escape.—M.A.

Believe it or not, you do not need to go on suffering this way indefinitely. Modern medicine has developed excellent techniques for relieving depression. It is really foolish to try to self-medicate your problem the way so many kids are doing these days. You need to see a psychiatrist right away. Talk to your family doctor or minister about how you can find a psychiatrist nearby. The new community mental-health clinics can provide help at a reasonable cost.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Dr. White, author of Teens since early 1966, has long worked with youth. He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and ethics from Boston University and is presently serving as a district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference. —Your *Editors*

A Third Great Awakening?

By ALBERT C. OUTLER

IN A WAY, the Wesleyan Revival did not begin in England but in America. On October 11, 1739, John Wesley—walking from London to Oxford—read Jonathan Edwards' newly published *Faithful Narrative of a Surprising Work of God in New England* and was deeply moved by Edwards' vivid account of men and women in paroxysms of anxious guilt finding deliverance and peace in the gospel of God's unmerited grace.

This was part of an extensive revival covering almost the whole of the seaboard strip of the young American colonies. It was an evangelism rooted largely in terror. Its converts were men and women whose Protestant independence had left them standing alone before God, without priestly mediation and with a greatly heightened dread of damnation.

The typical sign of authentic faith, for the evangelicals in this first "Great Awakening," was conversion: a decisive change of heart and mind and will—from guilt to a cleansed conscience, from despair to trust. Given this, the niceties of theological distinctions and church formalities were almost eagerly dispensed with.

This first Great Awakening ran an uneven course from the 1730s down to the eve of the Revolution. The Revolution left the churches in a shambles, with greatly reduced numbers and influence (down to five or six percent of the population in 1790). The impact of deism and French Enlightenment thought were strongly ascendant. It was an open question whether orthodox Christianity would survive or wither away in America's new atmosphere of religious liberty and state-church separation. Voltaire and his friends had confidently predicted Christianity's demise wherever freedom came to flourish—and in 1800 the prospects were better than ever that this was what was going to happen in America.

It was the Second Awakening that turned the tide again. This immense and complex upwelling of the Spirit rescued the Christian cause and defined American Protestantism for the better part of a century. It reconquered the Eastern seaboard from the deists; it helped conquer the opening frontiers of the boisterous West. It invented the camp meeting as a new way of getting the gospel to the people. It turned revivalism from an episodic affair to a permanent institution. It relegated the sacraments and Christian nurture to a marginal role, and its own theological ethos came to be identified as the distinctive meaning of the word "evangelical" in America.

For many—maybe for most—Americans, the word "evangelical" still holds the basic meaning acquired by it in this *Second* Great Awakening. There is no way to understand the anomalies of the modern evangelical movement without reentering and reassessing this epoch of its greatest success. Only then can we raise the question as to how its good essence might be updated and reborn in this really new world of the late 20th century—and how much of its archaism might wisely be discarded. There will be no *Third* Great Awakening in America until we come to terms with the fact that the *Second* is over and done with. And yet this is part of what our current confusions are all about.

The most obvious feature of the Second Awakening was its emotional fervor—always focused on two points, and almost only these two: (1) salvation—deliverance from sin and guilt (hellfire and damnation) and (2) a self-inhibitory personal morality. From the first came the outpourings of joy and gladness that resounded in every prayer and testimony meeting; from the latter, the image of the true Christian as one who has forsworn all needless self-indulgence, for whom temperance is total abstinence, whose chastity is prudery, and who regards this world as a restless antechamber to the next.

The Second Great Awakening represented the effective triumph in the New World of that "radical Protestantism" that had been so sternly suppressed in Europe by the dominant Lutheran, Reformed, and Anglican state churches. American Protestantism became antisacerdotal antisacramental, anti-intellectualist. It made a pejorative distinction between speculative theology and existential faith. It was suspicious of a learned clergy. It regarded conversion as more typically the climax of Christian experience than its initiation. It insisted on personal religion as the only real essence of Christianity.

And yet the revivalists were also energized in their

A STUDY GUIDE is newly available as a companion to Dr. Outler's *Evangelism in the Wesleyan Spirit*. Both the guide (35¢) and the complete text of the four Outler lectures (Tidings, $1.25) are available through Cokesbury Book Stores. They offer United Methodists a study opportunity as part of their observance of *Key '73*, next year's nationwide, ecumenical evangelistic emphasis.
—*Your Editors*

mission by a rousing vision of a Christian America that would be the natural, though indirect, consequence of a population of converted Christians. This vision of the coaptation of Christianity and American culture inspired the evangelicals to heroic efforts. And it *was* a heroic effort. Not since the Celtic missionaries risked their lives and sanity amidst the Gothonic savages of northern Europe (i.e., the ancestors of these same new Americans) had more zeal, courage, and self-denial been poured into the Christian mission.

It was in this epoch and under these circumstances that what came to be called "evangelical theology" took shape—less by conscious, critical reflection than in response to popular piety. It is very much worth our effort to understand this particular development for it is the fountainhead of what many self-styled evangelicals still regard as orthodoxy, pure and undefiled—hence their fear of and opposition to everything else.

"Evangelical theology" was born in controversy with American deism, and this shut it off from the great 19th-century revolution of thought and feeling that was happening at the same time and that produced the *modern* world. Most of what we know today about science, technology, economics—or about geography, for that matter—stems from the 19th century. The 19th century marks the profoundest mutation ever experienced in Western civilization up to that time. Almost *none* of this was reflected in the theology of the Second Great Awakening, except by way of negation and rejection. By the same token, however, the revivalist theology had no deep roots in the historic Christian tradition, and it developed all sorts of excuses to ignore its larger Christian legacy. Wesley they knew, somewhat, and other 18th-century pietists—but not much, really, about Luther or Calvin and even less about anything Christian before the Reformation. At the same time, their mistrust of rational*ism* easily passed over into a mistrust of reason itself, except for apologetic purposes.

This shut them up to Scripture and experience as their doctrinal norms and with this they were well content. But they read Scripture with crassly supernaturalistic hermeneutical principles. The typical revivalist preacher knew more about heaven and hell than Dante or Milton and took it all much more literally. His conception of God was frankly anthropomorphic and his Christology was Eutychian—which is to say, heretical—without his knowing the definition of Eutychianism (i.e., the doctrine that Christ's human nature was absorbed into and dominated by the divine nature). For most of them the virgin birth was taken more as a proof of Christ's divinity than of his humanity. Substitutionary atonement was their only theory of the saving work of Jesus Christ. They spoke often of the Holy Spirit but usually in terms of *personal* charisms rather than of the work of the Spirit in the church and the sacraments.

What the revivalist's reliance really came down to was "Christian experience" and, specifically, the experience of "being saved." This individual believer, in this view, was the sole agent of knowledge, conscience, guilt, and justifying faith; he had no mediator before God save Christ on the cross and Christ in the heart. His gospel was the assurance of his sins forgiven, his richly merited damnation miraculously averted.

If he was anti-intellectualist—as he was—it was because he believed that the converted heart had all the resources it really needed for requisite decisions in doctrine, ethics, politics, and whatever. If his religion was otherworldly, it was because of his conviction that this world was so obviously no final resting place for man's immortal spirit. If he was sectarian, it was because the truth itself marks out a straight and narrow way. And for many evangelicals, their Christian experience was centered on the one experience that served as a benchmark for all the others: their conversions, with dates, places and autobiographical circumstances forever memorable. Such Christian nurture as they were ever interested in was the replication in some sense or other of this pivotal climax of their Christian lives.

The personal life of the converted Christian was deeply moral. Sobriety, chastity, thrift, industry, decency, and a strict personal integrity were the evangelical's cardinal virtues. But these high personal standards often failed to generate any acute social sensitivity. The heyday of the Revival was also the heyday of the African slave trade and Indian genocide. These were evils deplored and mitigated by some, but not actually prevented or deeply repented of. All the churches were opposed to slavery, but took their impotence in secular, economic, and political decisions for granted; abolitionism was viewed by many church leaders as disruptive. Thus it was that the gathering storm of civil war and then the war itself marked the effective end to the Second Great Awakening, just as the Revolutionary War had squelched the First.

"There will be no *Third* Great Awakening in America until we come to terms with the fact that the *Second* is over and done with."

The half-century after the Civil War was an epoch of westward expansion and of industrialization—and of the belated impact of European Protestant liberalism on American evangelicals. Horace Bushnell had already proposed his gradualistic formula for Christian nurture as an explicit alternative to revivalism, but his influence was not fully felt until it was reinforced by other powerful liberal tendencies: the impact of science and especially evolution, the rise of historical literary criticism, Schleiermacher's radical shift for the meaning of the term ex*perience* (from a specific inner sense of God's forgiveness to a much more abstract notion of man's absolute dependence in general), Ritschl's advocacy of social Christianity and, finally, the rise of the so-called "social gospel," from Washington Gladden to Walter Rauschenbusch.

There was an evangelical tendency in liberalism itself nourished by a strong Christocentrism, together with a vivid stress on personal salvation and spiritual life. But in all its variants, liberalism entailed a theology of im-

manence, of historical and ethical relativism, and of gradualism as the normal pattern of Christian growth and fulfillment. Conversion became the exception rather than the rule; church membership was approved as a substitute for intensive small group experience—and the older patterns of stringent church discipline (probation, doctrinal and moral supervision, heresy trials and excommunication) were slowly eroded and abandoned.

Evangelical otherworldliness was more and more translocated in *this* world: man's hopes of God's coming kingdom were focused more and more on the human responsibility to prepare the Kingdom's way. And this led gradually to the most crucial change of all, as far as the Wesleyan tradition is concerned: the displacement of the older optimism of grace (i.e., the expectation of "being made perfect in love in this life") with a new optimism based on moral and spiritual progress. The holiness movement in general had become doctrinaire, simplistic and insufferably self-righteous—at odds with the hierarchy and the generality of laymen as well. The expulsion, or suppression, of the so-called "Holiness Associations" left the Methodists in an ironic plight. One of the basic pillars of the Wesleyan doctrine had been toppled—and it has not yet been restored.

For a generation or so (1890-1930+), the newly emergent liberalism was a minority movement, coexisting in uneasy tension and rivalry with the still dominant patterns of evangelical theology. But then, almost suddenly (as historians view the normal rate of change), the evangelicals had lost control and liberalism had become "Establishment," in the seminaries and then afterward in the connection generally. It was one of the swiftest and most drastic shifts of theological climate I know of in any tradition. Liberalism's great slogans were focused on the social gospel ("Where cross the crowded ways of life"—and this *before* the population explosion!), on Christian education ("the evangelization of the world in *this* generation!"). This is how we got the great ruling empires of the modern Methodist curia—the boards of "missions," "education," and "social concerns."

But culture-Protestantism's soaring optimism was rudely checked by the successive tragedies of the two World Wars, the Great Depression in between, and the rise of totalitarianism: communism, fascism, and nazism. The liberal dream persisted, but the dreamers grew more anxious and less certain in the face of repeated disenchantments. This set the stage for a new spasm of transcendentalism, that came to be labeled with the clumsy rubric "neo-orthodoxy": e.g., Barth, Brunner, the brothers Niebuhr, and even Paul Tillich. The common theological project shared by all these "neo-orthodox" theologians was their effort to combine, in one combination or another, 19th-century liberalism with 16th-century orthodoxy. It was a great epoch in theology but its direct impact on Methodism was very nearly negligible.

Meanwhile, a strange alternative to liberalism for evangelicals who wanted to be "modern" had appeared in the guise of "Christian existentialism." I used to puzzle over the easy conversion of fundamentalists and pietists to existentialism in seminary—this was a familiar pattern in the 1950s and early 1960s—until I realized that the axial notions of both views are a vivid faith in "experience" together with a lively mistrust of reason (which is to say that existentialism shares the same psychological character that revivalism did, only with very different rhetoric and a very different life-style).

The death-of-God hurrah and the flurry about Christian secularity have had little or no theological substance of their own—an affair of third-rate theologians being taken much too seriously by themselves and others. But it was a shattering episode all the same: a shocking revelation of what had happened to a Protestantism that had been bred up by two great Evangelical Awakenings, when it had gone for a full century without a *Third* Great Awakening! Along with the radicals and utopians of the new left and the rise and spread of secular mysticisms of all sorts, "the death-of-God" stands as a sort of signal for the end of the Enlightenment, the check of liberal optimism, the emergence of a new breed of modern man.

One of the more probable conclusions from this skimpy historical survey is that the theological perspectives and spirit of the Second Great Awakening cannot possibly suffice to stir or guide a Third such upwelling of the Spirit in the last third of the 20th century—unless they are radically updated and freely transvaluated in truly "modern" terms. And if the cause of evangelism continues to be tied too closely to the resurgent residues of 19th-century biblicism, supernaturalism, anti-intellectualism, political conservatism, and so forth, it will simply fail to generate the necessary power and relevance for anything really fresh and new.

What I'm really hoping and praying for, therefore, is not the replication of the Second but the birth of a *Third* Great Awakening—a reinvigoration of the evangelical spirit, a revival of *God's* sovereign grace, a renaissance of the vitalities of the Christian tradition. Mainstream Protestantism, in the forms we have known it, will not survive this century without a *Third* Great Awakening of some sort or other!

But in what sort? It must, of course, be evangelical, but, it must, by the same token, be "modern." It will have to come to terms with modern science, especially the developing "sciences of man." It will have to recognize the anthropologized psychologized center of contemporary human self-consciousness; it will have to be "social," "political," this-worldly, and so forth. In short, the mind-set of the Second Great Awakening (which still seems to some as "the faith once for all delivered to the saints") will have to be transcended. The hearing of faith takes place in the context of the *hearer's* world view (not that of the preacher's)—and the modern hearer's world view has been changed out of all recognition over the

"The death-of-God hurrah and the flurry about Christian secularity [were] . . . an affair of third-rate theologians being taken much too seriously by themselves and others."

past century. We could—we even might!—have a powerful resurgence of 19th-century revivalism, privatism, otherworldliness, but *that* will not be the Third Great Awakening we need, either in scope or impact.

Any truly significant new Awakening must also be deeply concerned about the church, not chiefly in terms of her polity or structure but as the community of faith and the trustee of the means of grace. And it will have to be ecumenical. The interest of Christians in significant church unity is currently in a slump, but the cause of Christian unity is still the only conceivable base for truly effective Christian mission and witness.

And above all, the next Great Awakening will surely be pneumatological—an unprogrammed outpouring of the Holy Spirit. One of the clearest signs of the times is the hunger of technological man for the mystical and mysterious, for new explorations into personal, interpersonal, and arcane. It's all being so tragically abused by the countercultures, by psychedelic drugs, by the mantras of bogus Zen, by tarot cards, astrology, and witchcraft. But

"'Pentecostalism is not my bag . . . But I think I know some of the gifts and fruits of the Spirit when I see them, and I am convinced that much of what I have seen is for real.'"

it's there, it's insatiable, it cries aloud for meaningful expression. And the formalized churches are simply unable to meet this uprising need. It's ironic, isn't it, that this epidemic of mysticism spreads at the very time when the prayer life of nominal Christians is at an all-time low ebb?

It's an old story, though, that the tides of the Spirit are often gathering in out-of-the-way places in just those times when the lights in the temple are flickering low. And every now and then, at least, I think I see some evidence that this is what's beginning to happen now. I can think of the three recent convocations of evangelism that are important milestones, plus the plans afoot to put evangelism at the heart of the concerns of the World Methodist Council—and the even broader and more ambitious project of *Key* '73.

I recall Ira Gallaway's letter in the *Christian Advocate*, with its interesting redefinition of "the modern evangelical"—"one who sees Christian commitment and involvement in all the issues and problems of the world as essential to an authentic expression of [Christian] faith. . . . [with a new] motivation to be a real agent for change in the world." There are comparable signs of renewal in the lay witness movement in which, for all my misgivings about its crudities and excesses, I recognize a crucial current instance of the Word being made visible as well as audible.

The signs of spiritual renewal in The United Methodist Church at large are not currently plentiful, as far as I can see. And yet even in this spiritual desert there are springs and oases: urban churches that are not only still alive but life giving, suburban parishes that have not fallen victim to the suburban malaise or turned into sensitivity-training groups, a few student-work ministries that are serving more than the social-action coteries on their campuses, ethnic ministries that are transcending both servility and militancy. In the liturgical movement there is a rising interest in charismatic and relevant worship and an occasional worship buff interested in sacramental theology as well as in liturgical ballet.

And I must say, albeit with some hesitance and mild embarrassment, that the *most* interesting signs of a new, and just possibly authentic, Third Great Awakening are beginning to be apparent in what strikes me as an unexpected quarter. It is not only that the self-named Pentecostalist groups are gaining in numbers, sophistication, and influence in American and—indeed—in world Protestantism. What may be even more crucial is the so-called "Charismatic Renewal Movement" in the Roman Catholic Church. The baptism of the Holy Spirit as a conscious experience of conversion, the vigorous renewal of "interior prayer," of small group devotions and mutual nurture, glossolalia, and spiritual healing, an evangelical concern for unmediated communion with God through Christ in the Spirit—all this is happening among Catholics in many places in this country and around the world.

One of their best theologians was trying to explain to me the other day that this wasn't *his* bag, but that he could not deny the obvious fact of its immense vitality in this movement, together with the evident fruits of love, joy, and peace.

Pentecostalism is not my bag either—just as it wasn't Wesley's even when people were thrown into hysterical fits by his preaching. But I think I know some of the gifts and fruits of the Spirit when I see them, and I am convinced that much of what I have seen is for real—and just may be a portent of something very much more. What an intriguing thought, then, that it just might possibly be these offbeat Catholics—with their evangelical concerns for conversion, with their charismatic baptisms and tongues and with their courageous commitments to reform in both church and society—who just might turn out to be the harbingers of the Third Great Awakening! What if their current charismatic renewal should prove more than a passing fad? Would they be our allies or rivals in our commitments to a church catholic, evangelical, and reformed: catholic in its human outreach, evangelical in its spiritual upreach, reformed in its constant openness to change?

The church stands forever on the rock of faith—assured that the gates of hell will not prevail against her. And we have proof of this over two millennia. But there *have* been long stretches of very nearly suspended animation, in various places and epochs. Such might very well be *our* fate and if so, we'd have no just ground of complaint against Providence. And so, in my daily prayers—along with "Thy kingdom *come*, thy will be done on earth"—there is often this vision of the church I love in a second spring of the gospel, renewing the hearts of men and the face of the earth, of Spirit-filled men at *peace* and working *for* peace—the glory of God becoming the joy of mankind. □

Close Call

By GLENN PRITCHARD

THE family doctor was very busy, of course, so I had to wait. After checking in with the receptionist, I settled down and casually thumbed through a magazine.

It turned out to be a medical journal, and one feature immediately caught my eye. Although the reported malady had an unpronounceable name, most of the symptoms covered in the opening paragraph were understandable. It seems the victims of this dread disease report vague abdominal pains (I'd had a few of those), rapid pulse (I counted more than 90 beats in my own wrist in what must have been less than a minute), growing paleness (in horror I noticed the ghastly color of my skin under the artificial lighting).

Cold sweat collected on my forehead as I skipped quickly over several pages of text and some sharply detailed photographs I could not bear to look at. Reaching the summary at the article's end, the print blurred before my eyes, but I did glimpse the horrifying fact that of the three cases reported, two victims had died. The terrible finality of the odds flashed through my mind. Trembling, I closed the magazine.

At that moment the nurse called me into the inner office. The sight of the doctor's cheerful face helped me struggle the few painful steps to his desk. I collapsed into a chair as a wave of dizziness swept over me.

"It's these tearing pains in my abdomen," I gasped. "The rapid pulse, the paleness. I feel terrible!"

"But the nurse said you had . . ."

"I do," I said with pained impatience, "but now it's the other, the clutching cramps in the abdomen, the . . ."

"Yes," the doctor interrupted sharply. "And this came over you suddenly in the waiting room?"

"Well, yes," I said softly. My voice was almost gone.

He looked at me intently before speaking to his nurse. "Grace, would you check the waiting room, please?" He stuck a thermometer in my mouth before I could say anything.

"Again?" the nurse replied.

In less than a minute, probably 130 beats of my pounding heart, she returned with the magazine I had been reading. I brightened somewhat, knowing that if the doctor saw the article he would immediately recognize my symptoms. I could almost hear the siren wailing as the speeding ambulance rushed me to the hospital, a pale patient on the sterile stretcher. My doctor, of course, would be bending over me anxiously, fighting for my life, proud of his astute diagnosis. And later he would become famous for his classic report on the fourth known case of this baffling new disease.

He jerked the thermometer from my mouth. "Did you read this?" he demanded while holding the revolting pictures before my face. I almost fainted. "Yes," I mumbled gratefully. "Can you pull me through, Doctor?"

"You didn't read it all!" he snapped. "This happens to be a disease found only in Eskimos. It is caused by eating too much spoiled whale blubber. When was your last blubber meal?" His voice rang with heavy, unprofessional sarcasm; the nurse giggled and left the office.

I straightened slowly and extended my sore finger, neatly covered with a flesh-colored adhesive bandage. In silence he treated the infected hangnail, and just as silently I left.

Another close call, I told myself, probably just a matter of time. □

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Does intercessory prayer do any good?

✠ Far more than any person ever knows, prayer works for good. To intercede for God to change his mind is not prayer but an attempt at manipulation. Yet God expects us to lift our highest and most reverent hopes to him. We can earnestly pray for the healing of a sick friend, or the renewal of a church, or the peace of a community if we remember two important things.

The first is the seriousness of prayer. Prayer always lays obligations upon us. It is futile to pray for the peace of the world unless we are willing to be active peacemakers. The second important thing to remember is that every intercessory prayer must include the spirit of Jesus' prayer, ". . . yet not what I will, but what thou wilt" (Mark 14:36).

What does it mean to be saved?

✠ The answer given in Acts 16:31 is simple: "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved, you and your household." Many Christians stop there without realizing how revolutionary that simple statement is. To believe is to act in faith, to take risks, to be involved in the life of the world. To be saved is not a static situation of peace and satisfaction. It is a dynamic experience which comes every day. We are always being saved just as our bodies are always overcoming those forces which seek to destroy us. One is saved when he trusts his life so completely in the hands of God that there is no time to be anxious or boastful about being saved.

When do we render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's?

✠ Few statements are more often misunderstood than this one: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." Appearing as it does in all three Synoptic Gospels (Matthew 22:21, Mark 12:17, Luke 20:25), this is certainly one of our Lord's most basic responses to a question meant to entrap him.

Why is it so often misinterpreted? First, remember the question to which Jesus replied: "Is it lawful to pay taxes to Caesar, or not?" The answer is yes. It is lawful to pay taxes, to be a good citizen. Taxes provide services and goods that must be shared in any human society. But this says nothing at all about worship, about our highest loyalty, and about life beyond the minimum requirement of tax laws.

The deeper question is that of what we owe to God. On this Jesus had a more basic word: "Seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well" (Matthew 6:33). In the end, all things, including Caesar's, belong to God.

Letters From Elsewhere *by Herman B. Teeter*

'No, Mr. Sheriff,' Little Willie Said, 'This Hear is my Daddy . . .'

"HEGBERT," my wife Abby ast one Saturday morning last June, "do you aim to go into town today?"

"If I dont go it will be the 1st time I have mist since the big flood of '57," I replied. "Why do you ast such a sillie question?"

"Well, Little Willie he said he wood like to go with you."

I said: "It is such a pretty day I thot he wood want to stay home and play down on Clear Creek with Finis and Floyd Fenton. He dont never want to go to town with me unless it is to a pitcher show."

"I wood like to go with you today," said Little Willie who was sitting at the kitchen table fooling around and not eating his eggs and serials.

"Well, if you will clean your plate you can go," I said. "But their wont be much a boy of your age will be interusted in doing in Rock City today. I aim to go into the sheriffs and collectors office to pay my taxes and I am going over to the county rest home to visit my old school teacher Mr. Throgmartin, whom taught me in the 5th, 6th, and twict in the 7th grade."

"That is okay," said Little Willie.

Let me stop hear long enuff, Mr. Editur, to tell you about Little Willie whom is a blessing to me and Abby in our old age now that our other boys and girls have growed up and moved away to Memphis, Tulsa, and San Deago. We call him by the nickname of Cricket sometimes because he is always hopping and jumping around like a kangroo. He has a round hed, round eyes, and two baby teeth missing up front and brings home good grades from school xcept in Eng. litterture, making only a C in that, which is as good or maybe even better than his pappy did. However must git on with this letter as I dont want to run out of paper agin.

Me and Little Willie whom was very quiet as if he was thinking about sumthing drove into town and into the big parking lot right acrost the street from the courthouse. Dub Barlow whom is the parking lot attendant and will warsh your car while you are gone for 50 cents cum up and said:

"Hegbert, do you want me to warsh all that red mud off your car this morning?"

"Woodnt do no good, Dub," I said. "When I git home agin it wood look xactly like it does now."

"Well, I wood warsh it free if you wood let me put it on xhibition as a anteak automobile and charge 10 cents admissun," Dub said, and we both laffed.

"Daddy," said Little Willie when we got out on the street, "is our car a old anteak?"

"Of coarse not," I said. "It is a practikally brand new 1965 model."

Then we went into the courthouse where we met sheriff Langdon in the hall. "Hi there, Little Willie," the sheriff said. "Is that old geezer a bandit you have captured and are bringing in for a big reward?"

"No, Mr. Sheriff," Little Willie said. "This hear is my Daddy."

I said: "The only bandits I know about are rite hear in this courthouse in the tax axcessors and the sheriff and collectors office. I have cum for my annual robbing."

"Well, go rite in Hegbert," the sheriff said. "My deputy has his .45 trained on you rite now."

We went in and the deputy said: "How will you pay this time, Hegbert? With a stack of them oversize 1924 dollar bills that you have got hid sumplace in a cave?"

He laffed and I laffed but Little Willie he looked serius and I paid up with check No. 666.

"What are you carrying in that there paper poke, Hegbert," the deputy ast.

"It is a sack full of $20 gold pieces which I dug up yesterday and am turning over to the govermint since they are in great need of gold," I said, and Little Willie and me went out on the street.

"Is that really a sack full of gold you are carrying, Daddy?" my boy ast.

"Of coarse not, Little Willie. It is 2 lbs of wallnut kernels I am taking over to Mr. Throgmartin in the rest home. He has all his teeth at 85 and just loves wallnuts if they is picked out for him. We'll hed over their rite now."

But as we was passing Tooties barbar shoppe Little Willie grabbed my arm and pulled me inside the door.

"I want to buy my Daddy a harecut and shave," he tole Tootie.

"Well, now, I dont know about that," Tootie said. "I do not have my Ph.D. degree from barbar college and have never worked on such a odd-shaped head as your pappy's."

"My mamma said for you to cut his hare and shave his face good enuff to last thru church tomorrow," said Little Willie.

"Well, that is differunt. If your mamma said so. But I have to charge xtra for a job like this."

"I have the money," Little Willie said pulling out a five dollar bill "It is a fathers day present from me. I saved my money for it for I know how much my Daddy likes to have a barbar shoppe shave."

Well, Tootie put on a lot of hot

towells after he had cut my hare and tole me I had a bald spot up front where he'd bet many a fly had skidded to his doom and when he got thru he woodnt take Little Willie's money.

"The xperience was worth it," he said. "I wisht the inturns at the barbar college in the state capital cud have been hear to see how a real xpert cud razor his way acrost a big ugly lopsided face like your pappys."

I was about to say sumthing smart back at Tootie when I herd Little Willie hit the floor with both feet and cum jumping over at Tootie with his little fists doubled up.

"You are just like everybody else!" Little Willie said. "Everybody is always saying mean things to my Daddy. He never done nuthing to hurt you."

"Hey now," Tootie said, his face gitting serius. "I was only teasing your Daddy. If I didnt like your Daddy I woodnt do that."

He picked Little Willie up and set him in the barbar chair and got a bottle of sweet smellin stuff and started rubbing it on Little Willie's hed.

"Did you know that everybody in town likes your Daddy and that if he ever stopped coming into Rock City and having fun with us it wood be a mighty dull place?"

"No sir," said Little Willie.

"Well, its true. I didnt take your money because I want to give your Daddy a fathers day present too. You know as well as I do that he dont really have no big ugly lopsided face. Say, it feels like you have a lot of brains in that little hed of yours. Where did you git them?"

"From my Daddy," Little Willie said.

Then we walked out of their and my boy's little chest was stuck out proud like a pouter pigeon, and mine too altho I knew Tootie must have been xagerating.

When we got home Abby met us at the door.

"Say, Little Willie," she said, "Who is that stranger you are bringing home with the harecut, shave, and shone shoes?"

"He is a fugtive from justice," Little Willie said with a big laff. "He robbed a lot of banks and has money buried all over our farm. He is going to give me half of it to help him dig it up."

Well, Mr. Editur, I knew then that our little boy had learnt sumthing. And the next morning which was fathers day Sunday I found a card signed by Little Willie and a pretty new shirt which he must have run out and bought while Tootie had my face covered with all them hot towells.

Sinserely, *H. Clutter*

Day Coach to Columbus

THE YEAR was 1936. On the red plush seats of the sooty day coach, outmoded even then, the passengers yawned and fidgeted. Their faces, caught off guard, seemed bored, worried, unhappy, impatient to get wherever they were going.

At a small Alabama town, a woman entered the coach with her brood of four—a baby of less than a year clutching at her breast, and two sandy-haired little girls clinging to her skirts. A scrawny wide-eyed boy of around ten brought up the rear. The woman turned together the two seats opposite me, but there was no place for the boy, who stood hesitant and frightened.

Timidly, he accepted my invitation to sit at my side. A second glance at the mother showed stooped shoulders, rough, red hands, and sallow complexion. Her black hair, which could have been her crowning glory, was pulled back in a tight bun.

The boy beside me seemed to be wrestling with some problem too heavy for his thin shoulders, a problem which frightened him. As we approached a small town, he began to cry.

The mother saw my look of concern and explained: "We're going to Mississippi to see the children's grandmother. She's sick. We didn't have enough money for all our tickets to Columbus so Jimmy is going to get off the train at Ethelsville and walk the rest of the way. It's only 10 or 15 miles, and all he has to do is just follow the highway. But he's never gone anywhere alone before so that's why he's so scared."

A few minutes later, when the conductor passed through the car, I gave him the money for the boy's passage. I shall never forget the look of gratitude and relief on the faces of both the mother and the boy.

Others sitting near us had heard the mother's story and it wasn't long before everyone in the car knew about the little family's plight. Men's hands reached deep into pockets, and women's purses began to open. Soon the woman's lap was filled with bills and silver—and her eyes were brimmed with tears.

I noticed something else as well. The atmosphere in that grimy day coach changed. It was if an invigorating breeze had swept through, cleansing and refreshing, leaving each face animated and smiling.

"Lady," she said to me, "will you please write your name and address on this piece of paper? I want it so I can always pray for you. I always will pray for you, lady."

As the train pulled out of Columbus station, I caught a last glimpse of her at the edge of the crowd, the baby still clutching at her breast, the two little girls still clinging to her skirts. The little boy was skipping happily at her side.

—*Lucy Wellborn Cole*

BOOKS

A CIRCLE has no beginning and no end, and God is like that. A line begins in one place and ends in another, and the earth is like that. When we get to the end of our own lifeline, we will find a circle—God.

Thank God for Circles (Augsburg, $3.50) is a colorful book that beginning readers can read to themselves and their younger brothers and sisters. And it is a book that will help their parents talk with them about life and death and God. But it is more. Its simplicity is deceptive. It offers provocative concepts for adult contemplation.

The author of this unusual book is Joanne Marxhausen, who has three children. The art is by Dan Johnson, art director for a religious publishing house.

As a past-50 Dutch spinster living serenely with her family in a tiny house in Haarlem, Holland, Corrie ten Boom often felt that her life didn't extend beyond her own narrow brick street. Nothing had ever happened to her. Then World War II happened.

As her friends and neighbors began to disappear mysteriously, Corrie came to terms with her convictions and transformed her crazy-angled house into a hiding place for Jews. It defied the Gestapo's spies for many months. Caught, she continued to spread her message of love in prison outside The Hague and, later, in the concentration camp at Ravensbruck, where she saw her beloved sister, Betsie, die.

A clerical "error" released her from Ravensbruck one week before all women of her age were taken to the gas chambers. After the war, she dedicated her life to those who had been mentally and physically scarred by life in the concentration camps—and to their persecutors, many of whom were too guilt-ridden to function in peacetime society.

Homes she opened for war victims are in operation today, and Corrie ten Boom, now nearing 80, still is traveling incessantly to spread the truth that she learned at Ravensbruck—we can love those who hate us, we can stay sane in a world that has lost its reason.

With the help of American writers and editors John and Elizabeth Sherrill, she tells her story in **The Hiding Place** (Chosen Books, $5.95). Both thrilling adventure story and testament of faith, it is an absorbing and inspiring book.

France's doughty General Charles de Gaulle was 67—past the age at which American industry retires its workers—when he was called out of retirement to rescue the Republic from a bitter, hopeless war in Algeria, prevent a military takeover, and restore France's sagging economy and the global prestige and influence that had been hers.

He knew that he must personify this great national ambition if he was to serve her, he recalls in the introduction to the third and last volume of his memoirs, completed after his second retirement. **Memoirs of Hope: Renewal and Endeavor** (Simon and Schuster, $10) describes the tortuous and dangerous policies that brought the Algerian War to an end and the army to heel, the reconstruction of France's institutions, and the steps that were taken to regain her prosperity.

He writes bluntly about statesmen of other countries. He found American President Dwight D. Eisenhower cautious, conciliatory, and circumspect but not lacking in strength of firmness when the occasion demanded.

To President John F. Kennedy, he gave this advice: "You Americans wanted to take our place in Indo-China. Now you want to take over where we left off and revive a war which we brought to an end. I predict that you will sink step by step into a bottomless military and political quagmire, however much you spend in time and money. What you, we, and others ought to do for unhappy Asia is not to take over the running of these States ourselves, but to provide them with the means to escape from the misery and humiliation which, there as elsewhere, are the causes of totalitarian regimes."

"Kennedy listened to me," he writes, "but events were to prove that I had failed to convince him."

He was impressed with Richard Nixon, whom he

You may say you always knew that theologians talked in circles. But proof that profound truths can be expressed in simplest forms is a refreshing little book Thank God for Circles.

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met during a visit to Washington during the Eisenhower administration. ". . . he struck me as one of those frank and steady personalities on whom one feels one could rely in the great affairs of State if ever they were to reach the highest office."

Perhaps the most essential qualities for the old are humility and self-respect, says German physician and gerontologist A. L. Vischer in a remarkable and often quoted book, **On Growing Old** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95).

"To prove our worth in old age is a very difficult task indeed," he writes. "Now we find out what we are really like; we find out whether our insights have been deep enough and our self-discipline strong enough to teach us humility . . . When we have reached this point, then we may breathe a sigh of relief, then a sense of inner peace and composure and even happiness may enter into us . . . If it does, then we shall come to know the profound truth . . . 'To be humble is to be invulnerable.' "

Dr. Vischer's book is a philosophical, informed, and cheerful analysis of the phase of life we all will experience—unless we die first.

Jean and Robert Hersey planned carefully for retirement. Their Connecticut home was all on one floor, the garden would demand minimum upkeep, New York City was a short drive away, and there were congenial friends in familiar surroundings.

Only one winter, however, convinced the Herseys that they'd had enough of ice and snow. They moved to North Carolina where the climate is more friendly, and **Change in the Wind** (Scribners, $7.95) is their story of their decision to change. It's an informal, friendly book.

If you dream about retiring to a farm or having a vacation home in the country, your first investment should be a book like **Buying Country Property** (Harper & Row, $6.95). Written by Irving Price, who heads a successful country real-estate firm, this is a guidebook for city slickers who don't want to buy any of a complex variety of pitfalls along with their country place. These range through inadequate wells, damp cellars, vague or incomplete deeds, and prohibitive remodeling costs to a thousand other unsuspected traps for the unwary.

Don't get the idea that Mr. Price is trying to discourage you—he'd be delighted to have your business. But he warns that if before and after stories about remodeling old schoolhouses, churches, or barns into comfortable and charming homes have led you to believe that remodeling is cheap or easy, you will probably be bitterly disappointed. There are more problems involved than you'd believe!

There should be a "prep" course for the families of people who become nursing-home patients believes Frances Avery Faunce, and she has written **The Nursing Home Visitor** (Abingdon, $4, cloth; $2.50, paper) to fill that need.

It covers making the visit, talking, listening, sharing silence, visiting by mail, caring for clothes, errands, outings, special services, and some common problems and complaints. And it is a warm endorsement of the influence and outreach of people who care enough to come a-visiting.

The federal action to improve nursing homes that is described on page 32 of this issue stemmed from reports like **Old Age: The Last Segregation** (Grossman, $6.95). Ralph Nader's study-group report on nursing homes reveals what the Nader task force calls "shocking callousness" from many nursing-home employees.

The task force, directed by a young college instructor, Claire Townsend, found some good homes, but they found more where there was terrible understaffing, administrators with no medical experience, and "institutional violence and cruelty."

Three fourths of the country's nursing homes that were receiving federal funds at that time did not meet the government's minimum standards for decent care, their report says.

The task force report is graphic, specific, and deeply disturbing.

When Oklahoma-based evangelist Oral Roberts joined a Tulsa Methodist church in 1968, and later the same year transferred his ministerial credentials to The United Methodist Church, a lot of people asked a lot of questions.

Would the large, well-funded Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association, or the new but booming Oral Roberts University, become a part of Methodism? The answer was no. Had Oral Roberts, who had been a Pentecostal Holiness minister, changed any of his beliefs? Again the answer was no. Actually, he says in his newly published autobiography **The Call** (Doubleday, $4.95), he had belonged to a Methodist church when he was a boy.

Oral Roberts is used to answering questions. His evangelistic ministry

has concentrated on the sick and afflicted, and for a number of years he prayed frevently for their healing during services that were held in a giant circus tent and were broadcast and telecast over a long list of stations. The prayers were unforgettable, and instances when people cried out that they were healed were electric. Remembering them, witnesses forgot the powerful, persuasive sermons the evangelist preached without dramatics.

Oral Roberts says he knows better than anyone that he himself can't heal anybody. "It is God who is the source of all healing. Men like myself are only instruments." Nor does he discount physicians. Believing they, too, are God's instruments, he goes to them himself.

The Call has the simplicity and directness of an Oral Roberts sermon. In telling about his public ministry and his private life as a husband and father, the real Oral Roberts has stood up.

"There goes the smartest woman in town," said a friend of Mrs. Kemper Campbell's just before she drove her car through two low brick walls and an iron fence. "And what makes you think so?" asked his companion after the crash.

If you don't think so after reading **Words to the Unwise** (Simon and Schuster, $4.95), at least you'll know that you have been in contact with a lively mind, salty sense of humor, and disconcerting ability to see the forest in spite of the trees.

Now 84, retired from 30 years of practicing law, but not yet slowing down, Mrs. Campbell philosophizes briskly in brief vignettes of people and events. *Words to the Unwise* is her fourth book. Hopefully, it's not her last.

In spite of its critics, television has some magnificent moments. But when the set is switched off, the screen goes blank, and that is all. No matter how much we have wanted to hold onto the moment, it is gone.

A book doesn't catch the luminosity and motion of the television screen, of course, and it can't reproduce the emotional impact of background music; but it can do something that no television set can, and that is to capture the words in print and scenes in illustrations. There you have them, frozen in full flight, to be sure, but permanent and accessible. Imagination and memory can do the rest.

Kenneth Clark's scripts for BBC's successful TV series **Civilisation** were put in a handsomely illustrated hardcover edition by Harper & Row, and are selling very well for $15. Now we have them in paper, too, with all the illustrations that appear in the original edition, for $6.95.

A child who is a slow learner and a slow reader who transposes the letters as he reads, or who is thought to have behavioral problems, may be suffering from dyslexia. This is neither a disease nor retardation, it is simply the inability to perceive what the eye sees. Or, in the words of the experts, it is a visual perception dysfunction.

Psychologist Rudolph F. Wagner, who deals daily with such children, has written a practical and much-needed guide for parents and teachers. **Dyslexia and Your Child** (Harper & Row, $5.95) isn't intended to replace professional help, but it explains how and where to get it, and how parents and teachers can help a dyslexic child, too.

"Every so often I need out—away from all these people I love most in the world—in order to regain a sense of proportion. My special place is a small brook in a green glade, a circle of quiet from which there is no visible sign of human beings . . ."

Author Madeleine L'Engle has written a very sensitive contemplative book in **A Circle of Quiet** (Farrar, Straus, Giroux, $6.95). Lit with unexpected flashes of humor, it is about her family's life in a New England village and about her inner life as a practicing Christian trying to find answers to ultimate questions.

George Keithley attempted a daring thing when he wrote **The Donner**

"Honestly, Mother, at your age?"

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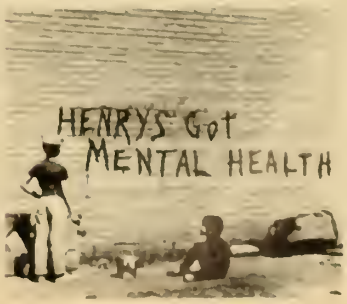


Fiction

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL by Frederick Forsyth *(Viking, $7.95)* is one of the best mysteries I have read. Strangely enough, we know the man who is to be the killer; we know the victim; and yet, the book is so exciting we cannot lay it down.

In 1963, the Secret Army Organization was very angry because of Charles de Gaulle's withdrawal from Algeria, and it was decided that the only answer was the assassination of the president of France. Six attempts failed. Then it comes to one of their members that they must hire a professional killer unknown to the French police, pay him what is necessary, and get the job done. The man chosen is an Englishman who agrees to do the job for half a million dollars to be deposited in a Swiss bank with an arrangement of total secrecy even from those who are paying him. The code name of the killer is Jackal. That is the way it starts out.

We are taken step by step as this man makes his preparations. He is utterly ruthless and is both able and willing to kill people who try to blackmail him—even the beautiful countess he meets later on.

His nemesis turns out to be Deputy Commissaire Claude Lebel who is regarded by his boss as the greatest detective in France. He starts out without knowing who the man is or what country he comes from. Patiently he finds a little information here and a little more there and puts it all together. He knows who the man is but he cannot tell where he is or what his plan is.

The book works up to a terrific climax. How does it come out finally? I am not going to tell you, but I will say to you once more that for this kind of book, it is tops.

I have had on my desk for a long time now MINI-MYSTERIES by Ellery Queen *(World, $6.95)*. As the dust cover proclaims, this is an age of the "mini." So this collection of 70 short story thrillers, which range in length from less than 500 words to about 2,000 words each, seems to fit the time in which we live. More times than I realize there is only a moment to read something which will set your mind free from the worries and burdens most of us bear.

One way recommended is the small devotional booklets that give you a page of sentimental drivel. I am trying now to find some way to form an organization to stamp out those devotionals. In their place, it came to me, you might place this book of Ellery Queen. He has chosen selections of well-known writers and every one of them has a sharp, clear style which is very satisfying to an old mystery buff. I apologize for not speaking of this earlier and I have allowed much too much time to flow by without recognizing it.

The short stories carry no moral as a rule, but good writing that is lean and lucid carries with it moral enough. I enjoyed this book thoroughly, and I pass along this recommendation to you with the conviction that rests on no blown-up promise to bring you some hidden religious meaning, but I assure you it will bring you a good deal of pleasure.

—*GERALD H. KENNEDY*
Bishop, Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church

Party (Braziller, $6.50) in the form of a book-length narrative poem, but he has succeeded.

This is the partly fictionalized record of an actual group of Illinois families who set out for California in the spring of 1846. The wagon train encountered the usual dangers and difficulties on the way across Missouri, Iowa, Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada. And then, almost in sight of their goal, heavy snow trapped the Donner Party in the Sierra mountain pass that now bears its name. During the nightmare winter that followed, its members struggled to survive, even resorting to cannibalism as various members died.

Mr. Keithley's poem is told as the party's leader, prosperous farmer George Donner, might have related it, simply, precisely, and with great restrained feeling.

Our posture and gestures tell more about our real feelings than words do. Gerard I. Nierenberg and Henry Calero have written an entertaining guide to this nonverbal communication in **How to Read a Person Like a Book** (Hawthorn, $6.95). It's helpful whether you're a preacher, a teacher, a salesman, or somebody who just wants to get along with people.

As a boy, Tom Tichenor was extremely shy—and stagestruck at the same time. Then when he was in junior high school he discovered marionettes, and his problem was solved. With them he could act his heart out without being exposed to an audience.

He has more than 500 puppets now, and has produced 52 folk and fairy tales for educational TV. He combines some of his original plays and adaptions of old favorites with patterns and step-by-step instructions for puppet-making in **Tom Tichenor's Puppets** (Abingdon, $5.95). It's interesting reading as well as a good how-to-do-it book.

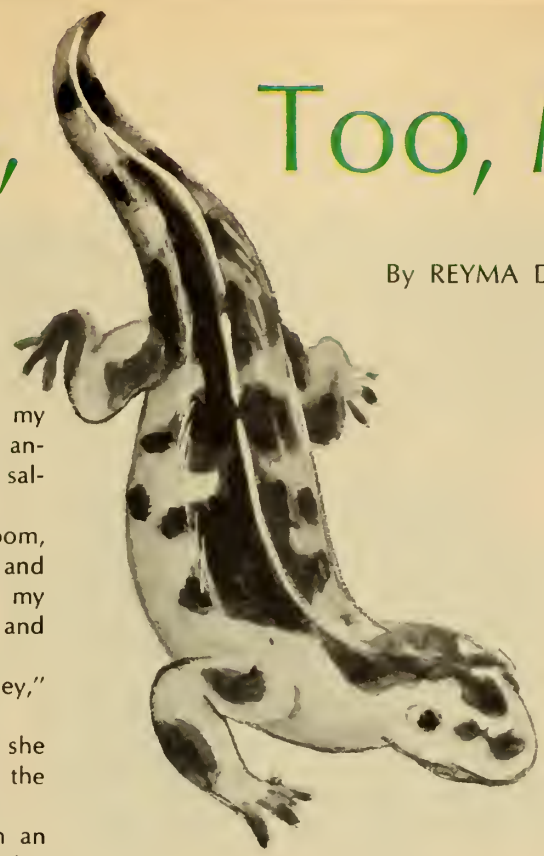
A little boy asks himself who needs him and comes up with a list that starts with his Teddy bear, includes his parents, and goes on to mention the mailman, the birds he feeds, the plant he waters, and, finally, God himself.

Florence Heide, who wrote the text for **Who Needs Me?** (Augsburg, $3.50) apparently hasn't forgotten what it's like to be a child, and Sally Matthews' illustrations are colorful and involving. Good for beginning readers and their younger brothers and sisters who need somebody to read to them.

—*Helen Johnson*

It Does, Too, Matter!

By REYMA DIRKS



BURSTING into the kitchen, my small daughter, Susan, announced tearfully, "My salamander is dead!"

Then she fled to the living room, plopped down on the couch, and sobbed unrestrainedly. I dried my hands on the kitchen towel and walked in to her.

"It was only a salamander, honey," I said. "It doesn't matter."

"It does, too, matter!" she screamed and buried her face in the cushions.

I stood there puzzled at such an emotional outburst over so trivial a thing. Then, as I started to sit down beside her, she scrambled up, gasping, "I killed him! I didn't mean to!"

"Everybody makes mistakes," I tried again, but Susan ran, unhearing, to her bedroom.

I was a little annoyed at her histrionics. Everybody makes mistakes. Then I remembered something, and suddenly I was back over the years to when I was Susan's age.

My parents and I lived on a Midwestern farm, and I identified personally with all God's creatures. Even the grasshoppers were my friends.

On a particularly sweltering Sunday afternoon my parents took me to play in the creek. I squealed and splashed in the shade-dappled stream. Mama sat on a large boulder with her feet in the cool water. Dad built a fire and put a big pot of new potatoes on to boil. When they were done, we would peel off the thin pink skins and eat the potatoes, slick and shiny and sprinkled with salt, before the long walk back to the house. In all my six years I could think of nothing more heavenly.

After about a half hour of splashing I stopped and yelled to Dad, "Aren't you coming in, too?"

He took off his shoes and socks, rolled his pants legs to his knees, and waded in, stopping at the edge of the creek to call, "Look at the tadpoles! Did you ever see so many?"

I splashed eagerly to his side. Tadpoles were among my favorite friends. These were fat and seemed too lazy to swim.

Then we waded out to deeper water, which now came over the rolls of Dad's pants. I knew that before long he would "accidentally" fall down with a great splash, drenching himself from head to toe.

Suddenly he stopped. "Hey, we don't want our pot to boil dry. Hop out and put some more water in it."

I splashed back across the creek and looked into the pot. The water was above the potatoes and boiling furiously. I didn't think any more was needed, but it seemed quicker to add it than to argue. Grabbing a small pail, I ran to the edge of the creek and scooped it full, keeping my eye on Dad so I would not miss that "accidental" fall.

I had begun to pour the water into the boiling pot before I saw the fat gray tadpole in the pail. The instant I did I jerked the pail upright, but it was too late. The tadpole had slipped into the scalding water. I screamed and felt sick with horror. Dad bounded to my side as the tadpole churned to the top, belly up.

I turned and ran. Through the thick hazelnut brush I fled, breaking branches as I ran, over sticks and rocks which cut my feet, through saw briers which tore my skin. When I thought I could breathe no more, I flopped face down on the ground. Surely I would die, I thought. I deserved to die.

Some time later I awoke, covered with perspiration. Several black wood ants were scurrying over my legs. With a sick feeling, I knew that I must go back. Carefully I picked my way through the underbrush, knowing that eventually I would come to the creek. I came out a little downstream, but I saw our swimming place farther up. All seemed quiet. Then I saw Dad sitting in the shade, his back resting against a tree trunk.

"Hi!" he called. "Mama went on to the house. I thought I'd rest a bit and wait for you."

Unanswering, I climbed onto the bank to see the fire out and the empty pot turned upside down. I stood there looking at my toes and thinking that nothing could ever be the same again.

Dad got up and walked over to me. "You made a mistake," he said softly. "Everybody makes mistakes."

I continued to watch my toes. "I'm sorry," I mumbled. But saying it did not make me feel better.

Dad picked up the empty pot. "Don't know if tadpoles have feelings or not, but if they do, I bet he died before he felt a thing," he said in a businesslike voice.

I lifted my head a few inches. Perhaps the tadpole did die before it felt the scalding water.

"Now we'd better get on our way," Dad said. "Mama will worry."

I raised my head all the way up until I could see Dad's face. He didn't believe I was bad. Maybe I wasn't . . .

Pulling my thoughts back to Susan, I knew that I must go to her and somehow let her know that I understood; she was suffering, as I had long ago, the first devastating feelings of guilt and self-hatred. And anything, however trivial, which fills a human being with remorse and grief does, indeed matter □

Jottings

We **may** be wrong, but it seems to us that United Methodist preachers live longer than men in secular walks of life. Anyway, we have known many retired ministers who remained exceptionally active long after retirement.

Two more turned up while we were gathering information on individual oldsters for this special issue. One is the Rev. Karl J. Hammar whose story is included in *Not With Folded Hands* [page 35].

Now we'd like you to meet the Rev. J. D. Engle, 87, of Lost Creek, W.Va., a dahlia expert and general gardener extraordinary who impresses us as a sort of octogenarian Luther Burbank (pictured at right).

This year, however, Mr. Engle may slow down a little.

"My dahlia business is getting too big for me," he confides. "I find I am not getting stronger. So I am cutting out about half of it."

To realize what "about half of it" means, one must understand that during the past few years Mr. Engle has had more than a thousand dahlia plants in his garden. Last year alone he grew over 200 outstanding varieties, some 30 of his own introductions, plus vegetables and other flowers.

One who shares the Engle interest in dahlias is the Rev. Roy L. Gardner, pastor of the United Methodist Church, Butler, Ga. Mr. Gardner has obtained a number of prize-winning blooms from bulbs provided by Mr. Engle. "He has excelled in producing both outstanding bulbs and winning show flowers for years," says Mr. Gardner who also plans to join the retirement brigade in the near future.

The reason Mr. Engle hasn't quit his dahlia business completely is a promise he made to his grandson, Stephen Engle, a few years ago.

"When he told us he was going to be a minister like his father, Dr. Robert B. Engle, we told him we would do all we could to help him through seminary . . . He is the sixth generation Engle to enter the Methodist ministry.

"You see, I must help him to keep our promise. If I can't preach, I can make it possible for someone else to do so. If I should make a profit on my flowers in 1972, half of it will go to Stephen for seminary study, the rest to some other worthy cause, probably West Virginia flood relief."

In addition to gardening, his other hobby is reading. He has a 4,000-volume library, including nearly a hundred books on Lincoln. On the average he reads a book every two days during the winter months.

"Lose yourself in service," he advises others entering retirement. "Have a deep faith in God. Forget yourself by serving another, or others . . . Do something to help somebody else. If you can't visit a shut-in, write a good letter. If you have a problem, tell God about it. Listen to the answer of his voice. Obey."

The elderly minister's wife, Elizabeth, died three years ago. During 53 years of marriage, when his flowers were in bloom, Mr. Engle went out every morning to cut the most beautiful ones, bringing them to his wife as she cooked breakfast.

Now that she is gone, he goes out in the morning, as always, to look for the best flower. "When I find it, I simply say: 'This one is for you, Elizabeth.' I am buying two of the new yellow roses for her garden."

As long as he lives, Mr. Engle concludes, "I will be raising my flowers and working a garden and, God willing, helping others."

A few days ago we talked to Mrs. Mary Berry of Western Springs, Ill., who doesn't quite qualify for the elderly-retired group (she is only 64). But Mrs. Berry is one of those rare persons you may meet once in a lifetime—a professional book reviewer—and we did want to talk to her about retirement and growing old.

Among 17 groups Mrs. Berry meets with regularly every month is one in a retirement home at La Grange, Ill. There she finds a gathering especially interested and responsive to her book-review talks.

"These are elderly listeners who can no longer read because of poor eyesight or blindness," Mrs. Berry says. She indicates that at no other time does she feel her efforts are more worthwhile than when she is serving as the eyes of others.

In her travels about northern Illinois, Mrs. Berry has become acquainted with many oldsters who remain mentally alert into their 80s and 90s. She has observed that attitudes toward life and other people determine an individual's ability to make a happy adjustment to retirement and advancing age.

When she reaches 65 within a few months, Mrs. Berry won't quit. She says she is inspired to go on "as long as I can" by her late husband, a certified public accountant, who decided in middle age to become a lawyer. He studied hard and passed his bar examination at 50. Before he went into semiretirement at 65, he had become a prominent tax attorney.

When Associate Editor **Helen Johnson** returned from Washington, D.C., where she attended the White House Conference on Aging last December, she had enough material for a book. As usual, she was faced by the problem of summarizing and condensing hundreds of thousands of words into a relatively brief article. [See her *Growing Old in a Youth-Oriented, Throw-Away Society*, page 29.]

We found the same problem with virtually all the oldsters interviewed for this issue. It seems that each could be a complete story in himself, so varied, exciting, and active their lives had been—and remain.

—*Your Editors*

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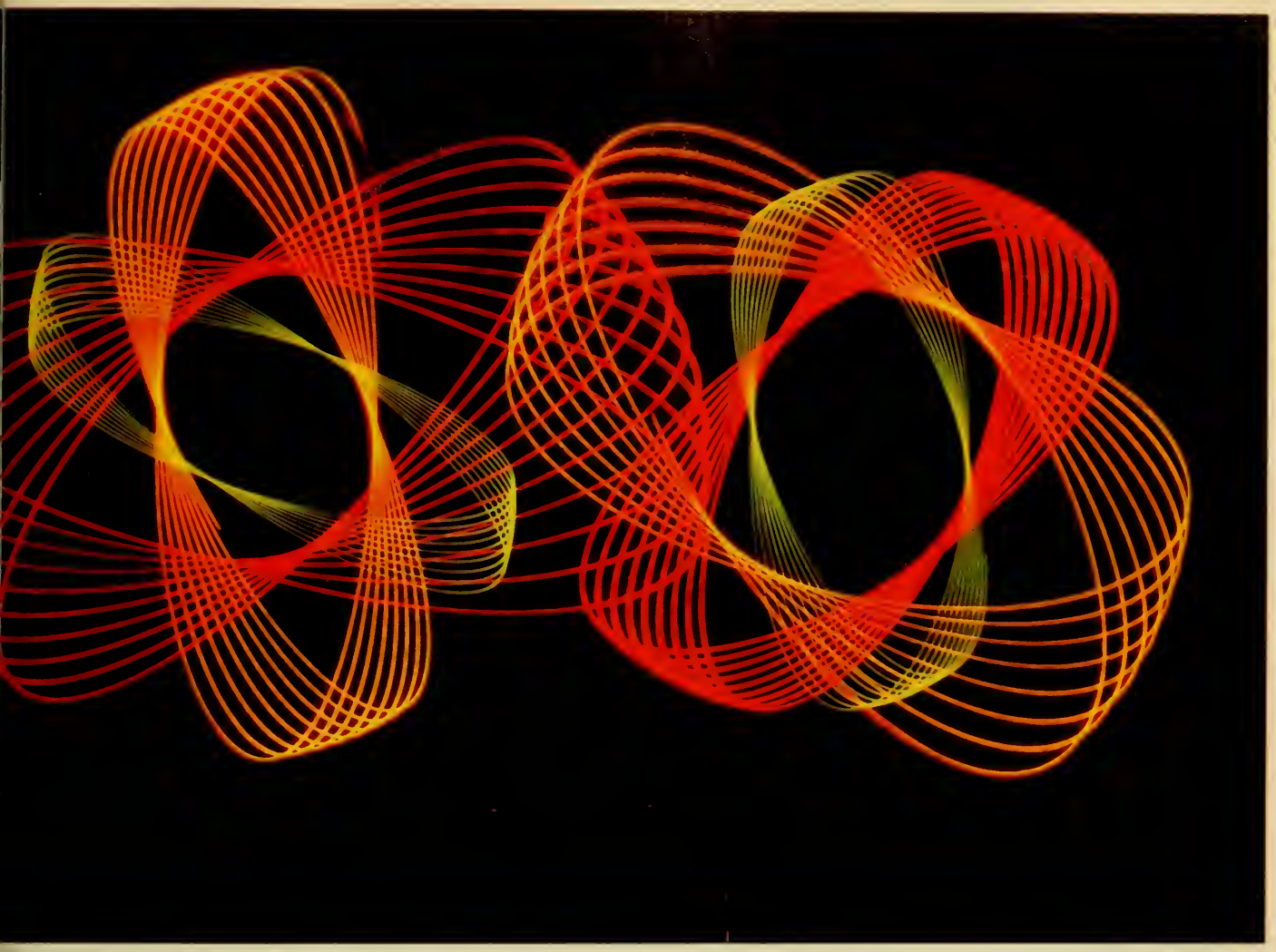

GENES

Man hungers to sense the vitalities around him. So that he may live with them. In more than a surface way.

So he tries to tune in to their originating energies, discover their pattern, touchingly participate in their momentum.

Also he wants to be a person of considerable dimensions himself.

We need to define and understand the "genes" which make the personal. Both in others and in ourselves.

There are some givens which we can count on.

From INSCAPE by Ross Snyder
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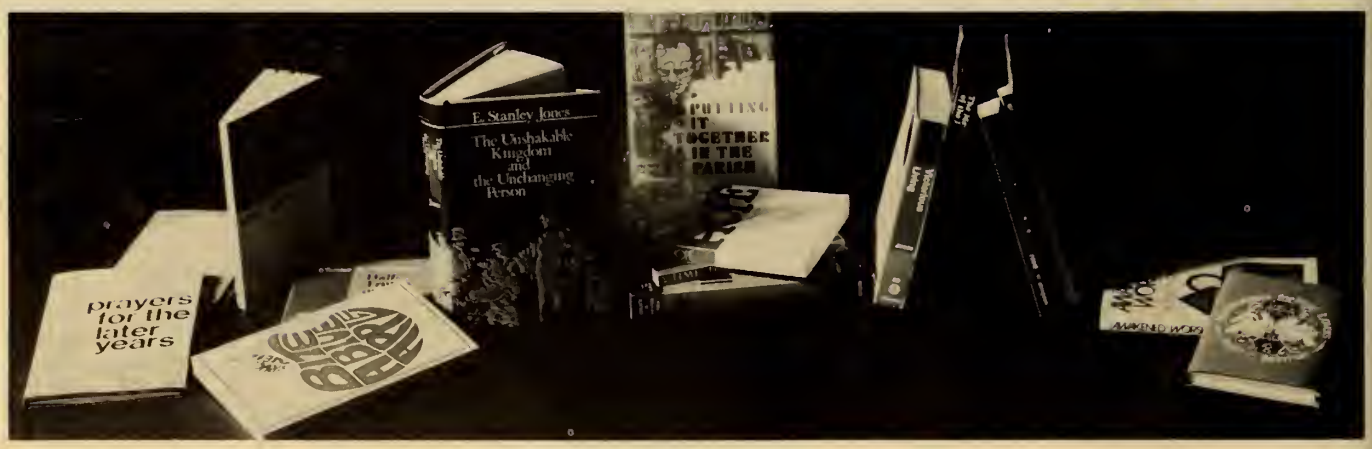

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